



THE  
SATURDAY REVIEW  
OF  
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,620, Vol. 62.

November 13, 1886.

[Registered for  
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

BULGARIA AT GUILDHALL AND HAWARDEN.

TO say that one particular part of Lord SALISBURY'S speech on Tuesday was looked forward to with greater interest than any other part might be misleading, or rather incomplete. It is less questionable to say that his utterances on Bulgaria were of most importance, because the subject had been specially reserved for him, and because, even independently of his present position, no Englishman can speak on it with such authority. On Egypt what he was likely to say was known beforehand and certain. On other affairs Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL had to some extent anticipated the PRIME MINISTER. But Bulgaria was to be all Lord SALISBURY'S own; and, though probably no one anticipated grave declarations of definite policy, every one had a right to expect some light on the subject from the greatest authority on foreign policy in England. Nor were men disappointed. Lord SALISBURY'S survey of the question can hardly be disputed in point of exactitude by the most cavilling critic; and in point of policy it can only be found fault with by proficients in that branch of the political art which is referred to elsewhere, and which it is not here necessary to describe at length. The policy indicated was as far as possible from being the policy of Mr. GLADSTONE, or anything like that policy. The policy of Mr. GLADSTONE was to ignore pointedly and almost avowedly the interests and the honour of England; the policy of Lord SALISBURY, like the policy of every sound statesman, is to regard the interests of the country committed to his charge as paramount to everything except its honour. His demonstration that neither the interest nor the honour of England requires a single-handed intervention in Bulgarian affairs is practically unanswerable and coincides with what has been said by all well-informed students of the question from the beginning. The most original and not the least happy part of his dealings with the subject was the historical part, though of course this was of the nature rather of an illustration than of an argument, despite the undoubted value of the maxim that in foreign policy precedents are specially valuable. But the most important passage by far was the passage relating to Austria. Lord SALISBURY—like all reasonable people whose reason is not blinded by Austrophobia, the most irrational and the most unaccountable of all manias—sees, first, that the interests of Austria in this Bulgarian affair are the greatest, and, secondly, that nothing more improbable can happen than the clashing of those interests with England's. He is, therefore, content not so much to follow Austria's lead as to watch her movements, and in so doing he has chosen unquestionably the safest way. For, in the first place, if Austria does not act, it is at any rate a rough sign that it is not worth England's while to act; in the second place, it is all but certain that without Austria England could not act to advantage; and, in the third place, the recent record of Austria being perfectly clean and her objects such as England can approve, there is no reason whatever for not recognizing her initiative. Lord SALISBURY'S remarks on the point have already received three testimonials. They have been approved by all competent and unbiassed English opinion, they have been favourably received on the Continent, and they have disgusted the advocates of Russia.

But Guildhall is by no means the only place where Bulgarian affairs have been in question this week. At Hawarden, too, they have been under consideration; and a very remarkable document indeed has come from thence to

the columns of the *Daily News*. All the world has been curious to know what answer Mr. GLADSTONE would make to the Bulgarian appeal, though all the world has been tolerably unanimous both on the probable general tenor of the answer and on the motives which would direct it. It was pretty certain that Mr. GLADSTONE would pass by on the other side; and it was equally certain that the reason of his passing by on the other side would be that there is at present nothing to be got by not passing by. He had large interest for his two pence on the former occasion, and no doubt would not have objected to another investment on similar terms. But the terms are not similar. There is no Downing Street to be gained now in such a way; no hated rival to be turned out by any such means. So Mr. GLADSTONE is compelled most regretfully to take another line. But how he would defend that line and what he would say in its defence—these were the points of interest, and on these the inquisitive public certainly has not lacked its expected refreshment. There have been several signs lately that Mr. GLADSTONE has lost his cunning, but none greater or more decisive than the extraordinary maladroitness of the two simultaneously published letters to the Bulgarians and to Lord WOLVERTON. We do not refer to Mr. GLADSTONE'S anxious, but still trustful, appeal to the CZAR. That is, of course, the game. Mr. GLADSTONE, when he "clings to the hope that" the CZAR will do something exactly contrary to what the CZAR has been doing for many months, is acting up to his part; he may be left clinging. But when he proceeds to tell the Bulgarians that he has not "thought it his duty to" raise his voice on the present occasion" because he believes that "there is no difference of opinion in the" country on the subject," and because he "has no good" reason to doubt that the sentiment of the United Kingdom is faithfully represented" by Lord INDESLEIGH, he makes certainly the most singular, and probably the most involuntary, revelation of character ever made by a British statesman. It is, of course, no surprise to those who years ago have appraised Mr. GLADSTONE; but to find the appraisement endorsed by himself is certainly a little startling. We know now on Mr. GLADSTONE'S own authority (what his conduct has long ago informed us) the principle—the one guiding principle—of his political life. Wait for a difference in public opinion, and then use that difference to your profit. If there is no difference, and if the persons in power follow public opinion, you are powerless. Then hold your tongue; do not—the words are Mr. GLADSTONE'S—even "think it your duty to raise your voice," for there is nothing to be gained by it. But when there is a difference of opinion, when the lever is offered, seize it, take the opposite line to the Ministers of to-day if you are not a Minister; enlist the other side, no matter what it is, on your side; advocate the disruption of Turkey, advocate Home Rule for Ireland, advocate the Heptarchy, and so climb back to power. But Bulgaria is marked "no road"; the fatal unanimity of the nation not only makes it profitless, but unnecessary, for a poor man of state to raise his voice. So he waits for a difference of opinion, and then shows himself (as a certain Athenian orator remarked once of another Athenian orator) in the hour of the public disorder to profit by it. When the body politic is healthy, he does not think it necessary even to raise his voice, and the Bulgarians come as unwelcome disturbers when they request that he will show a little of that energy which, as his flatterers say, won their cause years ago. Why should he?

No man hath hired him. When the nation is united, Mr. GLADSTONE "lies low."

Beside these interesting performances at Hawarden and in London, the proceedings of the present Sovereign of Russia in Bulgaria itself, and even the long foreseen election of Prince WALDEMAR, fall, at least for Englishmen, a little into the background, though they have their interest. The election is chiefly important as applying a more decisive touchstone to Russian designs than has yet been applied, and the result of the application is hitherto unknown. The revolt at Bourgas and its sequel illustrate the means by which, if at all, Russia may hope to attain her objects, and perhaps even General KAULBARS has not done anything exceeding in naïf impudence his complaint that he could not communicate with the Russian Consul at a port where Russian intrigues have resulted in the cutting of the telegraph wires. But Europe is by this time almost tired of Kaulbarsisms, and they have been played off on Bulgaria so often, that their effect there must now be nearly *nil*. The general situation remains exactly where it was. The game of exciting revolts is being played all over Bulgaria, but its success has hitherto been absolutely nothing. The Russians are still avoiding the only means that can secure the fulfilment of their wishes with a desperate tenacity which betrays the weakness of their position, and the Bulgarians, beyond all doubt, understand exactly in the ratio of the Russian shrinking from occupation where their own game lies, and what it is. Their perseverance in it has hitherto been completely successful, and has earned for them the high eulogium which Lord SALISBURY pronounced on Tuesday. They have little to lose, and everything to win, by remaining within the strictest treaty rights, resisting every attempt of Russia to encroach on those rights, and throwing on her the onus, which she is obviously determined at all hazards to avoid, of defying treaties and Europe by a formal occupation.

#### THE TRIUMPH OF THE S. D. F.

THE Lord Mayor's Day of 1886 was decidedly an improvement on the usual thing. As a rule, the spectacle is apt to look like something between an unsuccessful attempt to imitate a carnival and the parade of a circus in flourishing circumstances. It is always popular; much more popular with a great many people than is commonly known by superior persons. Some tens of thousands of Londoners look forward to their Ninth of November as a holiday, with a show provided for their amusement at somebody else's expense. Even the tradesmen in the Strand and Fleet Street, who are a good deal pitted from time to time because of the extreme annoyance they are supposed to suffer from the Lord Mayor's interference with their business in the course of his march past, have been known to protest against a proposal to send the procession by another route. Still, the Lord Mayor's Show is one of those things which Londoners value the more because they can laugh at them. Last Tuesday there was, in addition to the usual matter for good-natured ridicule, a considerable stir of an almost martial character going on around the Show—something altogether superior to our old friend the man in armour. It is long since Londoners have seen their city in a state of preparation for a rising. Wings of the Foot Guards marching to the scene of action, patrols of the Life Guards riding through St. James's Park with all the air of being on serious service, large detachments of the police in reserve at convenient places, all ready to fight anybody at a moment's notice, make up a stirring spectacle. It was almost as good as being in a Continental town in a state of siege. The wonders of the Lord Mayor's Show, the allegorical figures of Britannia, with her colonies and the four continents all riding on carts, might get very wet, and even draggle-tail, in the miserable cold drizzle which kept coming down all day; but the dignity of the horse, foot, and police did not suffer appreciably. Then, too, there was just a possibility of a row, with a comfortable assurance that it could not possibly amount to much. These various additions to the ordinary fun of the fair were duly appreciated by Londoners.

It is only reasonable that the persons whom we have to thank for this addition to the somewhat shabby glories of the Lord Mayor's Show should be very well pleased with themselves. When Mr. TAPPETIT folded his arms, and gravely bade his imaginary staff to go on, he was employed innocently enough. Even so has one of the great leaders of

that great body the Social Democratic Federation hastened to announce its triumph. It seems that something happened in Trafalgar Square last Tuesday which is to have a stirring effect on the heart of the British workman who looks to the S. D. F. for his salvation. As to what it exactly was there seems to be some doubt. Of course the doubt is not in the mind of the distinguished member of the S. D. F. He knows precisely what it was; but the mere reader of newspapers is in a less fortunate position. Being limited to the papers for his instruction, with the help of some slight personal experience, he is in the usual difficulty of those who have to depend on human testimony. One witness speaks of groans and great crowds of possible rioters; while another heard only laughter, and saw handfuls of roughs moved on by the police. It is all probably a question of place and point of view. Looked at from the top of Whitehall, say, the Social Democratic triumph may have seemed a big mob making a fearsome noise; but when considered from the steps of St. Martin's Church or the front of the National Gallery it dwindled into a handful of rowdies trying to make an impression in the midst of general laughter. On the whole, we incline to think that impartial posterity will lean to the second view. It will have to guide it the story of JOHN WARD, the accused, and accusing, who set out to test the legality of Sir CHARLES WARREN's proceedings. From his own account, as to the truth of which we shall not venture to have a doubt, his adventures were not of a kind to confer dignity on the S. D. F. He went forth, being, according to one version, employed for the purpose, to test the legality of Sir CHARLES WARREN's doings. Coming "to the balustrade "on the north side of Trafalgar Square" he "attempted to "mount it, solely with the view of testing the legality of the "action of the police. They abruptly pulled him aside, "whereupon he said he must speak if he was shot for it. "He was then pushed into the gutter, and was finally "arrested." Poor Social Democratic Federation, which cannot even get itself shot by the agents of a bloodthirsty aristocracy, but is only pushed into the gutter. When JOHN WARD had been finally arrested, the leaders of the terrible body which is to make a clean sweep of everything took no more formidable step than to go and offer to bail him out, which in itself is a thing legal, innocent, and even praiseworthy, since it shows an intention to conform to the law on the part of the bailer. While the leaders of the S. D. F. were engaged in this innoxious way, the valiant army which they sent not to kick up a row, and watched, like OSMAN DIGNA, from afar, did manage to scramble on the base of Nelson's Column, and there screech nonsense for a brief space. When cleared off that eminence, after frantic resistance on the part of one small boy, it tried a rush up Piccadilly, pursued by the police, was headed in time, and scattered in all directions. A remnant slunk along to Hyde Park, and arrived there too tired and damp to do more than make up its mind to go home. This, on careful examination, seems to have been the history of the triumph of the Social Democratic Federation, and such may its triumphs ever be.

All the empty swagger of would-be mob leaders will not hide the fact that the Social Democratic Federation's demonstration was a very silly business. Still there is a sense in which it may be said to have scored a success. The trumpety bragging around the Column amounts to nothing, though it would have been better had the brawlers been kept entirely off it. The leaders showed an encouraging regard for the safety of their own skins, and their followers were easily controlled. Yet there can be no doubt that, had not a force large enough to smash twenty times such a mob as the S. D. F. could collect been got together, and very well handled, they might have done considerable damage. They have been able to show that it is in their power to put London to the necessity of taking a deal of trouble. Whenever on any public occasion they choose to advertise themselves, soldiers and police must be brought together in large numbers, and measures of precaution must be taken as if a serious enemy were to be dealt with. The more excited members of the S. D. F. may possibly consider this a proof that they are a power. Perhaps they are, in the sense in which Mr. SIKES was a power. If it were known that he had started to crack a crib somewhere in the West End, all the police of that neighbourhood must needs be warned to keep a sharp look-out, not because he is stronger than the force, but because he may turn up anywhere and must be watched for everywhere. The remedy in his case is to lay Mr. SIKES by the heels. The Social Democratic Federation cannot apparently



be disposed of in this way. It shares the good fortune of Irish and other members of Parliament who are able to profit by rules drawn up for a body of gentlemen who could be trusted to behave themselves. We have not yet got so far as to see that the practices of a society which lives by preaching inflammatory nonsense to roughs are a kind of extra-Parliamentary obstruction which must be dealt with by more stringent rules. When we do, some means will easily be found or existing means will be properly used to reach a pestilent body of agitators before they can annoy the public. In the meantime, troops must be brought from Aldershot and Windsor, and the whole force of police got together to watch a diminutive rabble simply because there will be rioting and robbery if a single row of shop-windows is left unprotected. Of course as long as the work has to be done, it had better be done properly, and when the chiefs of the City and Metropolitan Police manage things so well as, on the whole, they did last Tuesday, it is proper that they should have the credit. The grievance, however, is that such a despicable handful of agitators should have it in their power to impose all this worry on London.

#### AMERICAN ELECTIONS.

THE American elections show that the Republicans have almost recovered their former supremacy. They had never lost their control of the Senate, though it is so far precarious that the majority depends on the capricious adhesion of a repudiatory Democrat from Virginia. The last Congressional election gave the Democrats in the House of Representatives a majority of between forty and fifty votes, which will now probably be reduced to one-fourth of the number. If the reaction continues, the Republicans have a good prospect of success in the next Presidential election. Mr. CLEVELAND owed his election to general discontent with the alleged corruption of the dominant party. More especially in the State of New York the best Republicans coalesced with the Democrats in favour of a candidate who, as Governor of the State, had consistently opposed the practice of converting public offices into rewards for party services. The PRESIDENT has, in pursuance of his pledges, promoted to the best of his ability the cause of Civil Service reform; but his efforts have not excited popular enthusiasm in either party. The Democrats, succeeding to power after an interval of a quarter of a century, naturally expect some compensation for their long exclusion from office. The Republicans, having since their defeat had no opportunity of creating political scandals, have probably been rejoined by many of those who seceded at the last election. It is stated, though on doubtful authority, that the Republican managers have successfully tampered with the Irish vote which has hitherto been secured by their opponents. Only a native American familiar with the shifting currents of political feeling can thoroughly understand the causes of an apparent reaction; but there seems to be a tendency to exchange mere party combinations for serious political issues. From the time when the civil war and its results passed out of recent memory, the Democrats and Republicans seemed to be no longer distinguished from one another in character or in principle. Mr. CLEVELAND, though he is, with the questionable exception of ANDREW JOHNSON, the first Democratic President since Mr. BUCHANAN, might have passed for a Republican if he had not been accidentally connected with the rival party. The recent trial of strength in the autumn elections turned in some degree on real differences of opinion.

Mr. BLAINE's oratorical tour in Pennsylvania appears to have conduced to the result in several other States. No politician in the United States understands better the weaknesses of his countrymen, or the primary importance which they attach to supposed material advantage. Accordingly, Mr. BLAINE, though his aid would have been courted by any section of the Republican party, accepted the invitation of the Pennsylvania manufacturers, and directed his energies to a denunciation of Free-trade. The same issue has been raised in other parts of the Union, and the excitement which it has caused probably accounts for the numerous Republican victories. It is true that a few Republicans hold sound economic opinions; nor have the Democrats yet pledged themselves as a party to the reconstruction of the tariff; but the adhesion of one party to the cause of domestic protection drives the other into a more and more definite acceptance of the orthodox doctrine. Some of the Democratic platforms

include approval of a tariff adjusted for purposes of revenue; and many speakers and journalists of the party devote themselves to exposure of prevailing fallacies. In course of time they may perhaps persuade the community at large that it wastes its money in subsidizing a limited number of monopolists. The process of conversion is far from complete, and the elections show that the old idolatry is still stronger than the true faith. Mr. BLAINE counts on the credulity of a docile audience when he declares that competition with foreign producers is more immoral than slavery and more treasonable than rebellion. Democrats who still hesitate to embrace the sounder doctrine are not unnaturally exposed to suspicion. The Protectionists know that the most intelligent leaders of the party believe in the expediency of free bargain and sale, and they doubt whether they can permanently rely on the prejudices of any party but their own.

A controversy on economic theories and their application is more elevating than a game of skill played for the stake of office by crafty political managers. The supporters and the assailants of the present tariff are at least in earnest. The manufacturers fight for solid advantages to themselves, and their opponents defend not only the interests of the community, but the plain rules of common sense. The Free-trade contest, as long as it is conducted on public grounds, is a respectable occupation even for combatants who are on the wrong side; but unfortunately it is impossible to separate political controversies from party combinations. Questions have unexpectedly been raised in the United States which are more urgent than any dispute on tariffs. The Socialists and the Trade-Unions which have adopted portions of their doctrine already seek to hold the balance of parties, and political managers in quest of voters cannot be trusted to reject their overtures. There is reason to suspect that, in the recent election for the mayoralty of New York, some Republican voters supported the Anarchist teacher for the sole purpose of reducing the Democratic majority. If the charge is well founded, the temporary alliance with a hostile faction must even for party purposes have been ill judged. According to the story, the Republican seceders voluntarily reduced the apparent numbers of their own party to such an extent that they were outvoted by the Socialists. The only probable explanation of so perverse an intrigue would be found in the influence and example of the most active Republican leader. Mr. BLAINE has bid high for the Irish vote, and the intimate connexion of FORD and his associates with Mr. HENRY GEORGE represents the union of two revolutionary organizations. It oddly happens that GEORGE and his followers professedly incline to a Free-trade policy; but their doctrines inevitably tend to the establishment of a despotism which would be economical as well as political and social.

It can hardly be supposed that the Anarchists possess any considerable influence except in the great towns. The American community would, perhaps, now not be so accurately described as in a former generation, by DISRAELI's phrase of "a territorial democracy." The Knights of Labour and other trade associations command a large number of votes, though the farmers of the Central and Western States can still, if they are united, determine great party contests. Proposals for taxing real property to its full value, even if the scheme is in the first instance confined to the towns, will scarcely commend themselves to the judgment of millions of owners in fee. The innumerable small capitalists who are to be found in every part of the country will be alarmed by the proposed confiscation of railways. Mr. BLAINE is reputed to be a sound judge of party tactics, but perhaps he may find that more is lost than gained by allying himself with the enemies of property and of order. The Republicans, with all their faults, have generally been supported by a majority of the most respectable classes. They will lose the confidence of their natural supporters if, for the sake of recovering power, they countenance the policy of wild adventurers. The last Presidential election was a protest against the tortuous practices of politicians. Mr. BLAINE, who had been nominated as the ablest and most eloquent member of the Republican party, was defeated by a coalition of Republicans and Democrats because he represented the corruption which had provoked general resentment. His offences against political morality will not be purged by his overtures to the Irish Nationalists and to the partisans of Mr. GEORGE. If it is true that the Chicago convicts are to escape capital punishment by the aid of newly-elected Republican judges, the prevalence of political influence over justice will excite widespread indignation. The rumour is doubtful, inasmuch as the ex-

cution of the sentences rests with the State Executive, and not with the judicial Bench; but the belief that a miscarriage of justice was likely to follow a local Republican victory proves that such a result is not deemed impossible.

Advocates of restrictive or prohibitive tariffs are sometimes rhetorically denounced as assailants of proprietary rights. It is true that Protection prevents men from disposing according to their pleasure of that which is their own; but capitalists, after accumulating fortunes by means of legal monopolies, are not more likely than Free-traders to encourage plans for compulsory expropriation. Election managers have perhaps recently turned to account the dangerous doctrines which have acquired a certain hold on the working classes; but they will soon discover that the friends of social order are for the present more numerous than their opponents. The Republicans will follow up their recent success by resisting every scheme for the relaxation of the tariff; and they will probably rely chiefly on their most popular tenet. The Democrats, or the Free-trade section of the party, find consolation in the hope of future triumph; but they have not yet secured a majority. It is satisfactory to find that there is little tendency to raise issues relating to foreign politics. Mr. BLAINE, when he was Secretary of State under Mr. GARFIELD's Presidency, did his utmost to devise complications with the States of South America, with the ulterior probability of disagreement with European Governments. It is not known that in his late political circuit he has revived a gratuitous policy of interference. The favour which is shown to the Irish Nationalists raises domestic rather than international questions. The American Government is not disposed to meddle with conspiracies against England; nor is there, perhaps, any reason for complaining of its inertness. If plotters and dynamite operators were liable to prosecution in the United States, popular feeling would perhaps side with the criminals; and the rejection of some of the complaints which might be made would probably give offence. It is in any case useless to ask for concessions which no American party is disposed to offer. As agitators, and more recently as Socialists, Irish voters perplex the calculations of Republicans and Democrats.

#### MR. LOWELL PUT TO THE QUESTION.

MR. LOWELL seems to have been astonished as well as hurt by Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE's reported publication of an "interview" with him. In the *Boston Advertiser* he has, it seems, printed a letter, reprinted by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which he explains that he was unconscious under the torture. Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE came and questioned him; but he came not like the regular Familiar of the newspaper Inquisition, and he seems, if Mr. LOWELL's account be authentic, to have extracted all Mr. LOWELL had to say, if not more, without causing the patient a single pang. "It never entered my head that the 'son of my old and honoured friend was 'interviewing' me. If it had he would have found me dumb."

Mr. LOWELL might, perhaps, have been more on his guard. Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE is not only a pressman, but an American pressman, attached, it seems, to the *New York World*. Now to make "copy" out of everything is the besetting sin of all men of letters. Are they poets? Then the grief and love and pain and pleasure that they would not whisper to their nearest friends are offered to the public at so much a copy, with the usual trade discount. Not to take modern instances, it is certain that SHAKESPEARE would not have talked at the tavern about the emotions he revealed in the "Sonnets." Perhaps the guests at the famed Symposium were angry with PLATO for publishing their confidences. "You dare say nothing before a literary fellow," they must have grumbled; and yet the son of ARISTON was a "high-toned literary man," as the Americans would say. He did not write in the Athenian gossip-papers. As to what ladies fair have thought about the confidences made to the human race by their poetical lovers, the secret has been well kept by them, and only a fictitious Cousin AMY has published in prose her view of the celebrated affair. Mr. LOWELL might have been on his guard; there is only a professional honour among interviewers.

Mr. LOWELL's lack of caution would seem the more manifest if Mr. HAWTHORNE's report of the interview be more correct in form than the victim says it is in matter. Short questions are put, "What about the immorality of 'English society?'" and so forth, and receive long answers.

We have no desire to comment on the answers, because Mr. LOWELL says they are much more Mr. HAWTHORNE's than his own. But what could he suppose that an American pressman meant by asking such a lot of questions? Did he think it was a mere sign of an open and inquiring mind? Did he never read Mr. HOWELL's *Modern Instance*? In the interview he is made to say that he has read Mr. JAMES's *Bostonians*. Has he forgotten the interviewers in those romances, the pressmen to whom nothing was sacred? Why should he have dreamed that things were more sacred to Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE, whose volumes of his father's notes and letters are extant, and do not reveal him as a person of unusual reticence or discretion. Moreover, he has a very lively fancy, the imagination of a writer of romance. How hard for such a man not to print good "copy" when he had the chance; how difficult for him to draw the line where Mr. LOWELL would draw it; how impossible for him, or for any one, quite to rectify "the refracting medium of his memory." Mr. LOWELL will be infinitely more cautious in future; meanwhile all English readers regret the annoyance he has suffered, and, if they read the "interview," will attach about as much credit to it as to the confessions of witches in the pillowwinks.

This is the curse of all "interviewing," even of avowed interviewing when the victim is on his guard. It must be inaccurate. No man, not a shorthand writer even, hears what another says exactly as he says it, none can reproduce even his own impression exactly from memory, still less can he give its modifications of tone, look, and gesture. Of course an interviewer might send his narrative in print for correction to the person he has visited. But Mr. HAWTHORNE did not do this, and if he had, his "copy" would probably not have remained such good "copy"—in the professional sense of the word—as the *New York World* doubtless found it. "Explanations and corrections are 'now alike futile,'" as Mr. LOWELL says. The only remedy is ceaseless vigilance as to the *tempora fandi*, especially when he who enjoys these *tempora* is a pressman. But it is hard indeed that the American public should have censured, if they really did censure, the propriety and taste of Mr. LOWELL's remarks—remarks which, if uttered at all, were never intended to be proclaimed on the housetop. An interviewer, like the malefactor who pleaded "consent" on another occasion, should be careful, as the judge said, "to have that consent in writing."

#### EGYPT.

SOMETHING has been said elsewhere as to the peculiar difference between the interest of Lord SALISBURY's remarks on Bulgaria and the interest of his remarks on Egypt. In the one case there might be a certain amount of doubt as to the tenor of his utterance; in the other there could be none. Yet it was of hardly less importance that the words which were spoken about Egypt should be spoken than that the words which were spoken about Bulgaria should be spoken. In the late rumours about French intervention, or at least protest, there has been, of course, even more than the usual unreality of such reports. But there has also been some reality, and because of this chiefly it was desirable that the "firm word" should be uttered. It was necessary to remind Europe, and especially one not very distant part of Europe, that England has no sort of intention of being bullied out of Egypt in the first place, and that Europe has no sort of right to protest England out of Egypt in the second. The remarkable impudence which has twisted the limited and purely financial right of interference given to Europe by Convention in case only of a certain eventuality into a general right of interference at a given time, whether the condition precedent existed or not, of itself made a definite explanation of England's position necessary. The almost greater impudence which denies that Egypt proper has benefited administratively and financially by English rule was also in need of correction; and, after the miraculous series of waverings which the Government of Mr. GLADSTONE executed, it was most of all desirable that the limits, the only possible limits, of the English occupation should be drawn afresh with decision and emphasis. And all this was desirable, not merely for the sake of foreigners, but for the sake of some Englishmen. Although the policy of the English occupation of Egypt is accepted by the great majority of the people of this country, and by probably nineteen-twentieths of those whose opinion is of



even the slightest value, it is not, like the Bulgarian question, one on which there is practically no difference of opinion. The rump of the old Manchester school and the new anti-patriotic Radicals object to any strengthening of English power by foreign enterprise. A section of political monomaniacs headed by Mr. WILFRID BLUNT objects to this Egyptian enterprise in particular. Some not very wise Conservatives, who once carried Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL with them, were maladroit enough to take the wrong end of the Egyptian stick instead of the right one to beat Mr. GLADSTONE with. And, lastly, there are some well-meaning but rather impulsive persons who were so disgusted by the butcheries and the blunders of the GLADSTONE Administration in Egypt that they would fain be rid of it at any price. Therefore Lord SALISBURY's remarks were required, and were also no doubt intended *urbi* as well as *orbi*.

Brief as they were, they were completely satisfactory. Not the most pointed and detailed reference to the particular matters recently discussed could have been more effective than the simple announcement in a few sentences of a determination which makes all the recent chatter on the subject so much vain breath as long as England adheres to it. And it may perhaps be that the significant warning that England conceives it her duty to stand by Egypt until Egypt is secure from "foreign aggression" will be taken by the tolerably sharp-witted persons whom it most concerns. The only foreign aggression which has threatened Egypt for some time comes from a quarter much nearer England than Egypt, and if it is understood in that quarter that the urging of French claims, instead of hastening, must, *ipso facto* and inevitably, retard the date of the English evacuation, a good deal of good may be done or hoped to be done. Again, it is highly satisfactory to have again on record the distinct statement that the measure of the English occupation is a measure, not of time, but of work done. For here, too, something of the same effect may be hoped if not expected to follow. It is perfectly notorious that the agents of more than one Power which does not wish well to England have for years past been occupied in hampering, and, where they can, secretly undoing, English work in every possible way. Now every village schoolmaster knows the efficiency of some such warning as "the longer you do that the longer I shall stay," and the cogency of the argument is even greater in this case than in that. Yet it is satisfactory to know that, despite all these efforts of the enemy, much good and solid work has been done by England in Egypt. For the deplorable mismanagement of Nubia and the Soudan the present Government is in no way responsible, and it is very noteworthy that it is since Lord SALISBURY first came into office that the previously bad state of Egypt proper has begun to improve. The financial improvement is indisputable, and is not disputed even by some candid Frenchmen. The improvements of another kind, though less incontestably obvious, are scarcely less solid. The simple truth is that Egypt could not fail to improve under a steady, just, and honest administration such as, with all its faults, English administration generally is. Hitherto Egyptian administration has generally been lacking in all three qualities, and has scarcely ever possessed all three at once. The miserable vacillation of Mr. GLADSTONE, though it did not make the English representatives unjust or dishonest, could not fail to make them unsteady. The fortunate restoration of a firm and continuous foreign policy which Lord ROSEBURY wisely adopted from his predecessor put an end to this, and, if Egypt is not yet quite a specimen of the best governed of all possible countries in the best governed of all possible worlds, it is at any rate nearer to that position by many a long step than it has been for centuries. This is not because of any extraordinary virtue on the part of Englishmen, but simply because we have set about the matter in a businesslike way and without any private objects.

It is most sincerely to be hoped that those whom it may concern will take warning by this frank assertion of England's position. There are rumours (it is to be hoped also true ones) that the conduct of the SULTAN towards England in regard of Egypt as of other matters is coming to an end. Whether that conduct was or was not provoked by Lord DUFFERIN's exceedingly (perhaps in the literal sense exceedingly) clever conduct at the time of the Arabist outbreak is a question of ancient history on which it is quite unnecessary to trouble ourselves. It cannot be the interest of any reasonable Power to pay off little grudges of a merely sentimental kind by acts as certainly damaging

to itself as they can possibly be to any one else; and the Porte must be well aware that it is not likely to acquire through any other European Power greater influence in Egypt than through England. As for Russia, she will doubtless continue to let, if she can, but her interests in Egypt are *nil*, and her opportunities of annoyance, though greater than they should be, are not very formidable. Lastly, there is France. The story that M. WADDINGTON had been instructed to alter the unfriendly form of protest into a friendly one, and to entreat England to remove the only obstacle which prevents France from showing the intense love which she really feels towards this country, was at once and justly dismissed as a *canard*. It would be more reasonable (if one of two absurd proceedings can be more reasonable than another) for Lord LYONS to deliver an equally pathetic appeal to France to cease the only proceedings which prevent England from falling on the French neck and remaining there. But it really does not much matter what form French desire to recover a lost opportunity, and to urge claims which have no foundation, may take. Henceforward France is distinctly informed that she has no rights in Egypt but those which are distinctly assigned to her by unexpired treaty or agreement, and those which she may, according to international practice, exercise for the protection of her own individual subjects. It may or it may not be that England will some day take the same footing—with the additional advantage of her part proprietorship of the Canal. But any political predominance of France in Egypt is now adjourned either to the day when France overcomes England in a great war, or to the day when the rulers of England once more lose their senses, or to the Greek Kalends. That is what Frenchmen have to understand.

#### A FRENCH TORY PARTY.

THE debate on the Budget in the French Chamber has been enlivened by one of those speeches on general politics which cause *mouvements divers* among the Deputies, raise the reputation of the speaker, and leave things very much where they found them. M. RAOUL DUVAL has been asking his colleagues, with much point and infinite wit (in the French sense), why they cannot all behave like reasonable men. In particular he has been putting this searching question to the Right. His object, and the object of a small body of publicists of the stamp of M. WEISS, would seem to be to found a party in France answering, more or less, to the Hanoverian Tories once conspicuous in our own politics. The gentlemen did not greatly love the Revolution settlement, or much reverence the House of Hanover. They would infinitely have preferred to have a King of the old line; but, as they could not have what they liked, they made shift to like what they had, and, accepting the inevitable, fought for as much as they could preserve of the old Constitution under adverse circumstances. In England the party was powerful enough to act as a check even on Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, and to win altogether after a time. M. RAOUL DUVAL, and a few others with him, would fain see something of the kind working in France. They ask why the Conservatives cannot take the Republic and do the best with it. Most of the persons addressed must find it difficult to give a logical reason for refusing to accept the invitation. The Legitimist is, of course, safe from M. DUVAL. He believes in the divine right of a certain royal line, and, as a consequence, in the illegitimacy of any other Government. He, at least, holds a definite creed and occupies a consistent position; but with the Orleanist and Bonapartist it is altogether otherwise. They maintain in theory that the consent of the majority is the only sound basis of government. At this time of day it is absurd on their part to maintain that a majority of Frenchmen wish to upset the Republic. Most Frenchmen may have no real preference one way or another, and would obey the Count of PARIS or Prince VICTOR cheerfully enough, if either were in power; but they will move neither hand nor foot to destroy the Republic. They fear a counter-revolution more than they do the misgovernment of the Republican parties. Besides, there is nobody to make a counter-revolution. The Orleanist will not help the Bonapartist into the saddle, nor the Bonapartist the Orleanist. As both are helpless, and neither has a creed of the Legitimist stamp, there would seem to be nothing to stop them from accepting the existing form of government. If they answer, as indeed in substance they do, that the Republicans are mostly inferior persons to

whom they will have nothing to say, M. DUVAL has an easy rejoinder. All they have to do is to accept the Republic, coalesce with the many Frenchmen who are not Conservatives, only because Conservative in France means at present a man who would like to upset the Government in order to establish nobody knows what, and then rule on the principles which, as they assert, are common to them all.

From any other than the Legitimist point of view M. RAOUL DUVAL may be acknowledged to have spoken wisely. He cannot be accused of partiality, for he is himself a Conservative, and can tell the Republicans disagreeable truths as plainly as any man. He differs from other Conservatives in believing that the Republic may one day be converted to his views, and in being prepared to work on it from the inside. There can be no doubt that it would be better for France if all Frenchmen, who do not hate the Church rabidly, or love equality so blindly as to be prepared to sacrifice everything in its name, would honestly act together. But, though M. DUVAL spoke wisely, and in the Chamber too, it is probable that few will heed him. The Radicals were indeed seriously frightened by what they seem to have taken for the sign of an approaching Conservative conversion. For them such an event would indeed be disastrous, for it would mean the formation of a compact party strong enough to have a stable majority in the Chamber. A little attention to the remarkable history of their country for the last century would have quieted their terrors. If Frenchmen were a race likely to accept M. RAOUL DUVAL's advice, the revolutions which have enlivened their history at intervals of from three weeks to eighteen years for nearly a century would never have happened. To put up with the loss of what they would have preferred to keep, after making a good fight for it, and to make the best of what they could get, has not been a course which has ever commended itself to French parties. The Republic, too, has made itself so hateful to the classes which lean to the Conservative side that it is hardly possible that they should accept it. Perhaps it will not again be represented in controversy by an advocate so savage and unscrupulous as M. PAUL BERT, who has just passed away in a sufficiently melancholy fashion, but he, and such as he, have made the Republic stink in the nostrils of all Frenchmen who respect at least the form of the old creed. M. DUVAL characteristically enough insisted on the fatal influence of the salons of Paris, and of the ladies who hold salons, on the Conservative mind. He seems to have forgotten that these salons indicate pretty accurately what is the feeling of the persons who fill them. This feeling at present is one of social dislike to the Republic, so intense that it is well-nigh impossible for any man influenced by it to make what would, after all, be a surrender to a detested form of government. This is not perhaps a very rational frame of mind, but it is a prevailing one. The next generation of Frenchmen may contrive to be at once Conservatives and Republicans; but for the present the Conservative-Republican seems likely to remain crying good advice not in the streets, which are sacred to other parties, but in the Chamber and in such salons as are open to him.

#### SPAIN.

THE Spanish Government will be vigorously attacked on the meeting of the Cortes; but there is no reason to suppose that Señor SAGASTA will not be supported by a majority. All sections of the Liberal party are for the time united; and the extreme Republicans are discredited by the late meetings at Madrid. Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO will have no difficulty in establishing a plausible case of negligence before the outbreak, and of undue clemency to the ringleaders of the revolt; but retrospective censure seldom raises vital issues; and the precautions which have now been taken against further disturbances of the same kind cannot be said to indicate a want of resolution. The sudden deportation of the whole body of first sergeants, and their removal from the active list of the army, while the measure involves an admission that the non-commissioned officers have been dangerously demoralized, show that the Minister of War and his colleagues have courage to apply an effective remedy to the evil. Care has probably been taken to separate and isolate the dismissed sergeants; and it is improbable that any considerable Parliamentary section will take up their cause. If there should be any serious attempt to question the propriety of the measure which has been adopted, the Ministry has no reason to fear the result of an inquiry. The

practice of promoting the first sergeants of every regiment which joined in a military revolt had by frequent repetition almost acquired the force of a precedent. The Minister of War has probably the means of knowing that the actual holders of the rank of sergeant were either disaffected or open to temptation.

The reform of the regimental organization will be the best answer to complaints of want of foresight; and the recent Ministerial changes will divide the responsibility for the mutiny. Some of the resignations which followed the outbreak were avowedly intended as protests against the undue leniency of sparing the lives of VILLACAMPA and his principal accomplices. Nevertheless, the Opposition has nothing to gain by denouncing the weak compliance of the Government. The original error consisted in the delay of the trial and sentence. Time was consequently allowed for the growth of a morbid sentiment which seemed for the time to pervade all classes, though it was probably condemned by statesmen and by the chiefs of the army. The clergy, including the NUNCIO himself, made themselves mouthpieces of the clamour for mercy; and the QUEEN-REGENT excusably admitted the force of the appeals which were made to her feelings. In Spain, as in Italy, capital punishment is regarded with a repugnance which would be juster and more useful if it were directed against the crime rather than against its proper penalty. It is certain that the administration and execution of justice ought not to be regulated or impeded by popular impulse; but the Cortes will not stigmatize the conduct of the Ministers in allowing the remission of the capital sentence by the QUEEN. It is not known that Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO will find any other plausible reason for attacking the Government. The commercial conventions with England and with the United States have passed beyond the stage of controversy, and the condition of the country is generally prosperous. The only foreign complication which is to be apprehended might be caused by the alleged complicity of some French politicians in the machinations of ZORRILLA. There may be future conflicts of interest between the two countries in the affairs of Morocco; but there is no actual cause of quarrel.

There might, indeed, be sufficient material for a dozen great wars in the declamations of Señor CASTELAR if his rhetoric were to be taken seriously; but the windiest of orators has long been accustomed to speak with no apparent object beyond the display of his fluent and florid eloquence. There is no doubt that Señor CASTELAR is honest, unselfish, and patriotic; and he has acquired additional claims to respect by his repudiation of such political efforts as the intrigues of ZORRILLA and of military revolts conducted by adventurers like VILLACAMPA. During one period of his long political life the great Republican orator had an opportunity of proving that his acts were better than his speeches. Having at last obtained the long-denied blessing of a Republic, he became a dictator, and he wisely suspended representative government. Unluckily, he afterwards thought it necessary to vindicate his consistency by restoring power to the anarchists, and he and his Republic accordingly were superseded by more practical rulers. Since the restoration of the monarchy Señor CASTELAR has always declined to recognize the right of the dynasty; but he has been content to wait for occasions of legitimate resistance, holding himself aloof from premature attempts to found republican freedom on the base of anarchy. Having lately paid a visit to Paris, the brilliant Spaniard has been naturally welcomed by the numerous Frenchmen who share his opinions and appreciate his genius. On one occasion, and perhaps in a series of speeches, he has done his best to propagate a political superstition which seemed to be gradually dying out. At a Peace Congress in Switzerland GARIBALDI once proposed as the preliminary condition of universal harmony a general war in which all Europe was to be engaged. Señor CASTELAR, who is much more eloquent than GARIBALDI, and not less indifferent to practical expediency, now recommends to his French admirers a similar policy. Mr. GLADSTONE himself could not exhibit a sublimer contempt for history and for existing facts.

The immediate object of the orator was to propose the establishment of a Greco-Latin Union. In imitation of the first steps towards the actual unity of Germany France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Greece are exhorted to form a Customs Union, with internal Free-trade, and probably with protective duties against the commerce of other countries. It would follow that England, Germany, and other States which speak no dialect of Greek or Latin would, in spite of treaties and in defiance of economic convenience,



at once be exposed to the fiscal treatment of the least-favoured nation. The new Zollverein is, however, but a temporary arrangement, to be afterwards superseded by a close political alliance. It is highly characteristic of the great professor of verbiage that his scheme is neither recommended by any material advantage nor by any intelligible ground of union. Before the days of CAVOUR the Italians spoke Italian, and patriots aspired to the creation of a single nation. It is not less notorious both that Germans always spoke German and that their ancient national unity had been represented by the Empire, and in more recent times by the Confederation. Though both nations derive their languages from Latin, Frenchmen and Spaniards understand each other as little as if one community spoke Russian and the other Arabic. Spaniards and Italians are not less mutually unintelligible, and the etymological connexion between Greek and the Romance languages must be traced to the remotest antiquity. It is really not desirable to undertake by war and diplomacy the union of different countries merely because their languages have a common element. The ethnological theory of politics has been principally promulgated by the Russian Pan Slavists, and SEÑOR CASTELAR is probably willing to satisfy their aspirations. The fraternal relations between the Russians and Bulgarians are perhaps explained by the use in both countries of similar dialects. The Roumanians are to form a part of the Græco-Latin Union, which will in those regions be severed by the interposition of a cluster of Russian provinces. It would be as reasonable and almost as practicable to form a confederation of red-headed or black-headed people. Some schemes are so silly that they enjoy a kind of immunity from criticism. The reasons for a Græco-Latin Union cannot be confuted in the absence of any common ground of argument. It is not even necessary for a political dreamer to preserve apparent consistency. Addressing a French audience, SEÑOR CASTELAR, of course, demanded the retrocession of Alsace and Lorraine to France, though the Alsations are neither Greek nor Latin, but are German by descent and language, and down to the seventeenth century by history.

It is possible that the whole fabric of absurdity may have been deliberately erected with exclusive reference to the English occupation of Gibraltar. It is neither courteous nor statesmanlike to raise the question at a time when Spain and England are on perfectly amicable terms; but it is intelligible that a patriotic Spaniard should wish for the recovery of the great fortress. The surrender of Gibraltar might have been suggested without a wantonly offensive demand for the abandonment of almost all the outlying European possessions of England. It seems that not only Gibraltar, but Malta and Cyprus, are to be detached from the Empire. The Maltese speak Arabic, and their island is nearer to Africa than to Sicily; but SEÑOR CASTELAR would arbitrarily annex the island to Italy. Cyprus, which has been acquired by agreement with Turkey, is, of course, to be transferred to Greece. A more audacious and more insulting attack upon England is the proposal that the Channel Islands, which are the most ancient possession of the monarchy, should be annexed to France. The reasons of SEÑOR CASTELAR's evident antipathy to England are unknown, unless his resentment against the possessors of Gibraltar has blinded him to all other considerations. When NAPOLEON sought to complete a Latin Union by the conquest of Spain, he was baffled, not by Greeks or Italians, but by the Power which is to be the victim of the new doctrine of nationality. It seems that the orator was to a certain extent carried away by his passion for talk. He is anxious to explain that his declamation was something less than a philippic; and apparently he would tolerate the existence of the English nation, if only it surrendered half its possessions. That a man of genius should talk so much mischievous nonsense is to be regretted; but it will be soon forgotten.

#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

IT is not very easy to make out how or where Mr. GLADSTONE attained the reputation which until a few years ago he undoubtedly enjoyed of being a judge of art. When some ten years ago he called an auction of his collection, people had an opportunity of judging how far it was deserved; and of late years his name has not been so often mentioned as that of a connoisseur or collector. Yet Mr. GLADSTONE's influence on art has been considerable. He has held the national purse-strings at several con-

junctures when expenditure on works of art has been in question. In almost every case the result of his counsel has been unfortunate, to say the least. He has spent money when it might have been saved, and he has been penurious when a lavish expenditure would have been the best economy. The *Quarterly Review* in its current number, a number which has been brought prominently before the public on account of a very different article, has an able and valuable notice of the progress and present state of the National Gallery; and incidentally the writer, who appears to have his facts well in hand, finds fault, seriously and on very good ground, with the treatment accorded to that institution by Mr. GLADSTONE during the many years in which it has been in his power to affect its destinies. The incidental and almost casual way in which a great Minister is shown to have mismanaged and thwarted a public institution is, to say the least, curious. The Reviewer draws no conclusions. He only states what he knows to be facts; and, tempting as it must have been to him to enlarge on them and to trace their cause, he carefully and cautiously resists the impulse. It will not, however, be easy for a reader who knows the collection, and who wonders why it should be deprived of funds just when it is most in need of them, to rise from a careful examination of the *Quarterly* article without a strong conviction that Mr. GLADSTONE, for a reason which may possibly be found in the article itself, has no special love for art, or, if he has, contrived to dissemble it when he was in power so far, at least, as the National Gallery was concerned. If the writer did not mean to convey this impression, the article is unfortunately arranged and worded.

It begins with a reference to a former article published more than a quarter of a century ago; and proceeds to trace the immense progress which the Gallery has made since 1859. It then contained 259 pictures by the Old Masters and 334 of the British School. At the present time it has upwards of twelve hundred pictures, of which about 470 are on the modern side. "No other European gallery has shown so rapid an increase within so short a period." The writer goes on to speak of the very high average quality of the pictures, referring to the "oppressive dreariness" of the Louvre, on account of the acres of uninteresting works by which the effect of the gems it contains is lessened; and congratulates the Trustees and Director of the National Gallery on an Act of Parliament by which they are empowered to weed out pictures unworthy of a place on the walls. Then comes fact the first:—This Act was rendered necessary because Mr. GLADSTONE, "when Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the exercise of his own judgment," bought for 2,800*l.* "sixty-four worthless pictures" from a collector of the name of KRUGER. There are still four of these pictures in the Gallery. Ten were sent to Dublin, and thirty-seven were sold at CHRISTIE'S, fetching on the average about 6*l.* 14*s.* each. This was in 1860. We cannot go through the whole article, but pass on to the mention of the purchase of the Blenheim "Madonna," which was urged on Mr. GLADSTONE by a petition from most of the members of the Royal Academy, and by numerous other petitions, reports, and letters from all the world of art. The purchase was concluded, but Mr. GLADSTONE contrived to allow it with so bad a grace as to offend those most nearly concerned. This is fact the second. The Trustees had no option in the matter. The pictures from Blenheim were bought, indeed; but the annual grant was arbitrarily suspended, and remains suspended until the price is recouped. This is the more "unfair, unwise, and parsimonious" because it seems that by a Treasury minute, issued in 1855, the unexpended balance of the annual grant of 10,000*l.* was allowed to accumulate, a judicious provision which precluded the necessity for special grants. The National Galleries of Ireland and Scotland retain this advantageous power; but "we believe that the change formed part of one" of Mr. GLADSTONE's financial reforms," says the Reviewer, putting another of his damaging facts very delicately, and the Trustees and Director returned the unexpended balances year by year—balances which, with sums in hand from bequests and gifts, might have enabled them to purchase the Blenheim pictures without having recourse to the Government for a special grant, and without "the very injurious measure of suspending the annual grant" altogether, as at present. "All true lovers of art" will regret with the writer of the *Quarterly Review* "that Mr. GLADSTONE's Government did not act upon the recommendation of the Trustees and Director," and purchase much more largely from the Blenheim collection. The

question, perhaps, may soon arise as to how far the present Government will feel itself bound by the senseless, and really wasteful, policy of the late controller of the public expenditure.

#### JUDICIAL HUMOURISTS.

TWO of the most exalted of HER MAJESTY'S Judges made a modest endeavour on Lord Mayor's Day to justify an apparently ungracious jest sung nightly by Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH in his celebrated character of Lord High Executioner of Titipu. Humorous addresses were delivered to the LORD MAYOR before dinner by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and after dinner by the MASTER of the ROLLS. Neither the general public nor the legal profession is entirely agreed as to which bore away the palm. If Lord ESHER's post-cœnal wit had more of the charm of novelty, it could fairly be claimed for Lord COLERIDGE that the entertainment which he offered to his hearers had the merit of being provided almost wholly at the expense of the gentleman to whose glorification both orations were ostensibly directed. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE is, at any rate, a consistent Liberal, which nowadays is something. He was aptly reminded by the approach of the QUEEN'S Jubilee of what a miserable place England was in the days before Reform Bills, and how in those dark times all men groaned under the evils they had. He referred in a touching manner to "those dismal jubilees, those joyless occurrences," which the people reluctantly celebrated "under the third HENRY, the third EDWARD, and the third GEORGE." In those unfortunate reigns, to two of which certainly and to the other one of which probably the English Empire owes its existence at this moment, Liberalism, as we understand it now, was at a discount, and so it was possible to exalt HER MAJESTY at the expense of her ancestors. Moreover, it led up well to the substantial part of Lord COLERIDGE's address, which was an invitation to the LORD MAYOR to preserve the City in the sense in which Mr. GLADSTONE tried to preserve the Union. Premising that "attacks" would be made on the "great Corporation" of which the LORD MAYOR is the head, the CHIEF JUSTICE counselled him to "meet" them on "honourable terms," which, as was explained with some elaboration, consist in doing for yourself what your assailants, if they get their way, propose to do for you.

LORD ESHER, as was but right after he had enjoyed the hospitality of the LORD MAYOR, was even more refreshing than his senior. He began by indicating his colleagues as "an interesting body of men, as you may see by the 'specimens on my left.'" It is fortunate that judges are mostly good-tempered persons, because it is not every one who would like to be exhibited as a "specimen" to a mixed audience by his senior in years and standing. But Lord ESHER had plenty more fun to poke at his juniors. After a not very lucid or especially necessary defence of the law's delays, terminating in an obscure passage about some one hypothetically objecting to be "sentenced to 'be hung on the previous Monday'"—one would rather expect an accused person to be gratified by a sentence which it was obviously impossible to carry out—the Guildhall judicial humourist gave an edifying fancy sketch of learned judges enjoying what he called the Short Vacation by making themselves ridiculous in sports in which they were not proficient. No doubt judges playing lawn-tennis and "presenting figures miraculous to their wives and 'children'" would look absurd enough; but some doubts have been expressed whether a Master of the Rolls is quite the right person to revel in the ludicrous hypothesis. Lord ESHER, however, was not so ill-bred as to confine his pleasing banter to the members of his own profession. His hosts were not neglected, and he told the company with much spirit how he had seen two ex-Lord Mayors of London sleep through the opera at Vienna, and wake up to watch "the best dancer who has appeared for the last thirty years," but whom he was unkind enough not to name. Probably, after what Lord COLERIDGE had said in the morning, he felt bound to refer to the enemies of the Corporation, whom he enigmatically described as "Sir W. This and Sir W. That." Most people saw Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in the allusion, but who on earth is Sir W. That? Lord ESHER concluded his novel and ingenious oration with a graceful reference to the fact that he owed "his high and proud position entirely

"to his own personal merits." So he does, and the public is still learning how varied and remarkable they are. He and his brother Baron are certainly not among the personages who "never would be missed."

#### FREDERICK ARCHER.

THE death of ARCHER, whom it seems almost pedantic to call by any name but FRED. ARCHER, probably surprised and grieved as many people as the death of any living Englishman could have done. He had as wide a popular reputation as a man can desire in his own country, though Mr. GLADSTONE is doubtless more familiar to many foreign peoples. Mr. GLADSTONE's portrait has been found as the sole ornament of a half-heathen chapel near Roraima; ARCHER's reputation did not reach these limits. In England and the Colonies, however, his celebrity was unbounded, and probably his repute for horsemanship was respected in the United States. The suddenness and sadness of his death added to the general regret—a very natural regret for a man who could do some things better than any one else alive. As the things he could do demanded self-denial, courage, and strength, it may be said that ARCHER's popularity was not wholly unjustifiable. A country may as well admire a popular jockey as a popular preacher of a common modern sort.

It would be as easy as futile to indite a sermon on the position held and the rewards obtained by ARCHER. No poet, no painter, no benefactor of mankind was nearly so well paid nor so notorious. He acquired, or could have acquired, a large fortune, at an age when the cleverest barrister can scarcely be regarded as "rising." No general, though he saved a country, could reap more laurels nor better pay. He passed *viu' per ora virum*, and many people who had never seen him had a kind liking for him. He is said, like other great men, not to have been conceited. Even envy allowed him to be honest. It is of no avail to preach against the love of sport which raised him to such an eminence. He enjoyed a kind of monopoly in natural qualities, in endurance and perseverance, and the monopoly was profitable. Till the whole nature of Englishmen and of English society is altered, gifts like his will gain a position like his. The public followed his star with a kind of superstitious attachment, and hundreds of thousands of small sportsmen adored him quite as much as the rich people who paid him retainers. There is no other country where success like ARCHER's is possible, and there has not been since ATALANTA, in the vision of Æa, coveted the lot of the athlete for its glories and rewards. In Greece ARCHER would have had scores of statues, and would have dined in the Prytaneum at the public expense. In England these prizes took the shape of ready money and newspaper paragraphs. In both countries the enthusiasm is and was immensely overdone, and has keenly annoyed serious thinkers. There is, indeed, something childish about the craze, as there is in the craze for the heroes of football in Yorkshire and in Australia. But it is useless to thunder against these popular hobbies; a people will have its exaggerated tastes, like individuals. ARCHER, at any rate, was one of the people, and they admired him for skill in an art which has always been regarded as manly.

There seems little doubt that ARCHER, like many other persons, died of anxiety and overwork. He was very keenly set on doing his best on every occasion, and probably was as jealous of his repute as a poet, an actor, or a general. There was an incessant call on his nervous energy, and he persisted in lowering himself to weights almost incredible, considering his height and strength. He is said to have lived for days on a biscuit and a glass of champagne, and he "wasted" by means of exaggerated Turkish baths. All this was as much overwork as the toils of a politician or a lawyer in enormous practice. Indeed, ARCHER's position was very like that of some golden-mouthed leader of the Bar who is in great request and who is tempted to work extra hours for extra pay. Probably his health and nerve did not recover from his recent domestic sorrow. Before the news of his death came it was known that his condition caused his doctors great anxiety. He is not likely to be succeeded in our time, as far as popular glory goes, by any jockey, however fortunate or skilful. Every one has heard of ARCHER; only sporting people know of WOOD or either BARRETT.



## A LESSON TO DIRECTORS.

IT would be difficult to overrate the importance of the judgment which Mr. Justice KAY delivered this week in the case of the Oxford Building and Investment Society. If any decision of a legal tribunal can materially affect the standard of commercial integrity among men of business—a point as to which there may perhaps be some doubt—Mr. Justice KAY will have done a good deal to purify the atmosphere of public Companies. The history of the Oxford Building and Investment Society is not in itself such as to inspire confidence or to promote speculation, and it needed the decree of the Court to enforce the maxim that the strictest regularity is the best policy for persons in a position of trust. The Society in question was formed twenty years ago under the Companies Act of 1862 for the purpose of dealing in land and securities. Although the resolution to wind up the Company was not passed till 1883, its business seems never to have flourished. One of the articles of association was to the effect that “no dividends” should be payable except out of the realized profits arising “from the business of the Company,” and this article was systematically violated, as the Judge found, by the whole body of directors. It is not necessary to discuss here the vexed question whether Parliament should always insist upon the incorporation of such a provision in private Bills, or whether investors should not be left in this, as in other matters, to take care of themselves. For what the directors were accused of doing, and judicially declared to have done, was to act in contravention of a rule on the due performance of which both the shareholders and the creditors of the Society had alike a right to rely. The directors from the first formed the habit of paying dividends not out of realized, but out of estimated, profits. The basis of this estimate was that the securities held by the Company were sufficient to provide in every instance for principal, interest, and costs. It was a very pretty theory; but the facts did not coincide, and so the Company went steadily downhill. There was no proper system of auditing, the assurance of a gentleman who was at once surveyor and secretary being apparently accepted as a satisfactory guarantee that all was right. The Company borrowed very large sums of money, and, as it has now become insolvent, one of its creditors thought of trying his remedy against the directors themselves. He has been completely successful; but even so the assets will not meet the liabilities.

Sir HORACE DAVEY contended, on behalf of the directors, that they could not be made personally liable unless they had been guilty of fraud. What is fraud? Lord BRANWELL has more than once taken occasion to observe that he did not know the meaning of the phrase “legal fraud.” Legal fraud, if we understand his theory, is nonsense, and moral fraud is tautological. Another high judicial authority has declared that the expression “gross negligence” is nothing but negligence with a vituperative epithet attached to it. It would be, however, superfluous to discuss the question whether the directors of the Oxford Building and Investment Society were legally fraudulent or grossly negligent, or both or neither. In the opinion of Mr. Justice KAY, which is based upon reported decisions, and which cannot be too widely known, “Directors are quasi-trustees of the capital of the Company, and, if they improperly pay dividends out of capital, they are liable to repay such dividends personally upon the Company being wound up.” Mr. Justice KAY has further held that the acquiescence of the shareholders is no justification or defence for the directors, and that, as there is a breach of trust, the right of action on the part of the creditors is not barred by the Statute of Limitations, or, in other words, that the lapse of six years from its coming into existence does not put an end to it. We must confess to a personal, or rather an impersonal, prejudice against the employment, however high may be the technical sanction for them, of such terms as “quasi-trustee.” A man must either be a trustee or not, just as a door must (proverbially) be either open or shut. We are aware of the retort that one may be a trustee for some purposes and not for others. But it does not remove our original objection. Mr. Justice KAY, however, put his foot down firmly upon a most pernicious practice, and that is far better than being scientifically accurate in the use of language. “The precise thing intended to be prohibited,” he said, referring to the salutary article which we have already quoted, “is the payment of dividends in respect of estimated profits as distinguished from realized”; and he then went on to point out, with great force and clearness,

how entirely the directors had adopted the course prohibited, and departed from the course by implication enjoined. “It has been argued,” proceeded Mr. Justice KAY in words which every director and shareholder should study, “it has been argued that this was done *bonâ fide*, and that when directors in good faith have made an error in the computations on which their balance-sheets are founded, the Courts will not lightly visit them with the consequences of a *bonâ fide* mistake. I confess I hardly know what is meant by *bona fides* in such an argument. I inquired whether there was any evidence that the directors had considered the meaning of the articles, or had taken any advice upon them. There is no suggestion that they ever did so.” The result is that these directors have to pay within six months all the amounts which they improperly disbursed in each year of their directorship, with interest at 4 per cent. The Oxford Building and Investment Society has hitherto proved unprofitable enough to every one concerned in it. Let us hope that the influence of the decision in its case upon the ethics of trade may be of a more satisfactory kind.

## BACON, V.C.

THE sudden retirement of the last VICE-CHANCELLOR on Wednesday took the legal profession and the general public by surprise. Ever since his elevation to the Bench at the mature age of seventy, Sir JAMES BACON had suffered from a certain amount of physical infirmity. But his intellect was as keen and vigorous as ever, and his parting words, in reply to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, were as manly as they were graceful. It is not always, perhaps not often, that a man of sixty thinks or speaks of the future with the same robust confidence, the same absence of all bitterness or despondency, as this veteran of eighty-eight. “I have seen great changes,” said the VICE-CHANCELLOR, “all of which have been suggested and perfected by the great lawyers to whom I allude, and all of which changes have had the effect of simplifying and perfecting the administration of the law to the great advantage of our ever-increasing community, to the protection of our civil rights, to the encouragement of arts and commerce, and to the general prosperity of the realm.” When a man of Sir JAMES BACON’s venerable years and vast experience speaks with this dignified and courageous serenity, he administers by implication a sharp rebuke to those affected pessimists who are always calling upon us to believe that the age in which they live is unworthy of them. No one can use more sarcastic language, or use it more incisively, than Sir JAMES BACON, and it is therefore the more satisfactory to find that on an occasion when good taste forbade the introduction of artifice or irony, he should have expressed plainly and directly his sense of the steady improvement which his own eyes in his own sphere had seen. To the majority even of his educated countrymen the most remarkable thing about Vice-Chancellor BACON was his ability to discharge his duties at so advanced a period of life. There has certainly been no such instance in this country within recent times. Lord LYNTHURST addressed the House of Lords with great spirit and effect in his ninetieth year. But he did nothing, after he was seventy-five, like the work of a Vice-Chancellor, and Lord BROUGHAM withdrew almost entirely from public life for some years before he died. Chief Baron POLLOCK sat on the Bench till he was eighty-three, and Chief Baron KELLY died in harness at eighty-four. But we must go to Ireland for a parallel to Vice-Chancellor BACON. Chief Justice LEFROY presided over the Irish Court of Queen’s Bench from 1852 to 1866, till he was ninety, and it is commonly supposed that he was with great difficulty induced to resign even then. In his case there was undoubtedly much complaint, well founded or otherwise, especially in connexion with criminal trials. Sir JAMES BACON never tried a prisoner or went Circuit in his life, and it must be admitted that the duties of a Chancery Judge are less arduous than those of his brethren on what used to be called the other side of Westminster Hall. Vice-Chancellor BACON, though he had more than earned his pension, and was amply entitled to repose, had not in any way declined from his always high standard of efficiency.

Lawyers are aware that Sir JAMES BACON has many claims to recognition besides what Lord CAMPBELL contemptuously called the “trick of longevity.” Sir JAMES is not only the last of the Vice-Chancellors. He was also the first and last Chief Judge in Bankruptcy, that office having been abolished

some few years ago. While it existed, or at least from his appointment as Vice-Chancellor in 1870, he discharged the functions of both posts. The law of bankruptcy, which was Sir JAMES BACON's special province, is not a very light or amusing topic. But no man on the Bench or at the Bar has a keener wit than he. The epigrammatic neatness of his style had as little as possible in common with the slovenly talk too common in modern courts of justice, and the most self-confident counsel stood in awe of his caustic tongue. "If you propose to exercise the quality you mention," he said once to a learned gentleman who had been insisting at unnecessary length on his right to use "the discretion of an advocate," "if you propose to exercise the quality you mention, the sooner you set about it the better." On another occasion he was wearied by the iteration of another barrister, who kept on asking when a certain "account" was to be "gone into." "Go into it," said the VICE-CHANCELLOR at last in the tone of the lively Gaul when he says *Va-t-en*; "go into it in Chambers, go into it before the Chief Clerk—or—for I do not wish to abridge your enjoyments—go into it alone." Sir JAMES BACON's intimate acquaintance with the best books (he has always been understood to cherish an invincible prejudice against DICKENS) often enlivened an argument by an apt quotation, and his judgments, though they were sometimes reversed, are always readable. His enemies said that he might with advantage have shown less knowledge of literature and more knowledge of law. But they doubtless belong to the same class as the learned Serjeant who "shook his head at MURRAY as a wit." It has been said by an ungenial critic that the net result of the Judicature Acts was to increase the cost of litigation, and to make every Vice-Chancellor "my Lord." Sir JAMES BACON took a more favourable view of them, and, unlike some other old men, did his best to carry them out. He has lived to see the office of Vice-Chancellor created, multiplied, and destroyed. Founded in 1813, to relieve Lord ELDON, or rather Lord ELDON's victims, it perishes in 1886 with the resignation of Vice-Chancellor BACON. His successor will be plain Mr. Justice KEKEWICH, and one more legal peculiarity will have gone to its death. The Judges and counsel, headed by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England, who assembled to take leave of "the last Vice," found a fitting spokesman for their feelings in the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Sir RICHARD WEBSTER apologized for the imperfection of his speech, on the ground that he had no time to prepare it. But no amount of preparation could have enabled him to speak in a manner more worthy of his position as head of the English Bar.

#### MR. GLADSTONE ON REUNION.

**WHY** the Separatist Liberals are just now so furiously raging—though not perhaps exactly "together"—against the Unionists, of both parties, is, strictly speaking, a psychological question, and as such we may perhaps discuss it on a future occasion. As political critics, our principal concern is with the extraordinary abundance of vain things which their fury induces them to imagine. Almost every day appears to witness some fresh addition to the now considerable stock of "patent reunion processes," generally accompanied with some new dispute among the crowd of competing inventors as to its probable efficacy. Roughly speaking, of course, these inventors divide themselves into three classes. There is the class who think that the best way to reconcile a Unionist Liberal with his Separatist brethren is to say nothing about the Gladstonian Separation policy at all for the present, but simply to await the course of events. Then there is the class who hold that the true method of procedure is for a powerful Separatist to take the Unionist firmly between his knees, and using no more violence than may be necessary, to force back the seceder's head and thrust the Gladstonian Separation policy down his throat. To the former of these classes Lord STALBRIDGE, it appears, belongs; to the latter Lord WOLVERTON. With the third class, that of which Mr. WADDY is the chief, and indeed, so far as we know, the only representative, we need not for the present concern ourselves. Mr. WADDY urges, not only that no attempt should be made to force Separatism on the Unionists, but that a definite understanding that that attempt shall not be made, at any rate in the course of the present Parliament, should be arrived at between the two sections of the Liberal party. This suggestion, however, has been received with such a significant silence of disfavour by

both sections that perhaps we may safely regard Mr. WADDY as the first and last of the school of political tacticians which he has endeavoured to found.

It is between Lord STALBRIDGE and Lord WOLVERTON's school that the real struggle lies for the dictation of the line of tactics to be adopted by the party; and it is rather curious that the conflicting tactical theories should severally find their exponents in two politicians who have each served the office of Whip. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, has not allowed it to remain for a moment doubtful as to which whip he now finds the easier to handle. His sentence, like that of—to avoid misconception we omit the name of the particular Miltonic angel—is for open war. He chides Lord STALBRIDGE and commends Lord WOLVERTON. That was, of course, to be expected, and was indeed so certain to happen that the fact in itself would hardly be worth comment. It is the reasoning which accompanies Mr. GLADSTONE's judgment that is chiefly interesting, and to appreciate this it is necessary to take a momentary retrospect of what has lately happened in the county of Dorset. Lord WOLVERTON, as a member of the Representative Council of the Dorset Liberal Association, proposed to move at a meeting of that body a resolution "in favour of the principle of 'Home Rule.'" Lord STALBRIDGE, who is also a member of the Council, wrote a letter deprecating the proposal of the resolution, and asking Lord WOLVERTON to reconsider his intention of moving it, on the ground that "such a course cannot fail to widen the breach which already exists in the Liberal party, and which produced the result at the last general election of losing two seats to the Liberal party in Dorset." Lord WOLVERTON, however, moved his resolution, and, we imagine, carried it; and then, it is to be presumed, informed his chief of the difference of opinion which had arisen on the subject, with or without the addition of a request that Mr. GLADSTONE would dispose of the question by the issue of a rescript. Anyhow, the rescript appeared, and a highly characteristic document in some respects, though not in others, it is. "With references," it runs, "to the point raised by STALBRIDGE, he is anxious for the union of the party. I should have felt inclined, if I had seen him, and he had thus spoken, to address him as follows, or rather to the following effect:—We all wish for the union of the party. When the Government produce their plan of home government or local government for Ireland, then it will be the duty of every one to consider whether it may be possible to pursue a concurrent course of action upon it—a difficult question, which cannot be prejudged, but should be considered when the time comes in a conciliatory spirit." Considered abstractedly, and out of all relation to the foregoing facts, there is absolutely no exception to be taken to this proposition. But the best way of testing its quality in relation to the circumstances of the particular case is to inquire whether, though forming part of a letter approving of the course taken by Lord WOLVERTON, it would not have been equally in place in a letter approving of the course recommended by Lord STALBRIDGE. And the answer is that it would have been, not equally but very much more, in place in a letter of the latter purport—that, in fact, it is a proposition of which Lord STALBRIDGE is entitled to appropriate the entire benefit, and which does not assist Lord WOLVERTON's case at all. We should have "felt inclined"—to quote Mr. GLADSTONE's own language—"if we had seen him and he had thus spoken, to address him as follows, or rather"—since it is not safe for any less subtle mind than Mr. GLADSTONE's to neglect any of his qualifications, however apparently superfluous—"to the following effect. If it is true that 'when the Government produce their plan of home government or local government for Ireland, then it will be the duty of every one to consider whether it may be possible to pursue a concurrent course of action upon it,' it appears to follow that until then it is the duty of every one not to pledge himself to a course of action which may not, and still less to one which notoriously will not, be concurrent with the course to which others are pledged already." Yet this is exactly what Lord WOLVERTON has done, and Mr. GLADSTONE has praised him for doing. He has moved a resolution "in favour of the principle of Home Rule," which, as every one knows, is the principle embodied in the Bill thrown out by the efforts of the Unionist Liberals; and his chief, in a letter nominally advocating a precisely opposite policy, has expressed his approval of the course which Lord WOLVERTON has



pursued. The question whether it may be possible for Liberals to pursue a concurrent course of action with regard to local government in Ireland is, Mr. GLADSTONE says, "a difficult one which cannot be prejudged," and in the same breath he applauds the follower who has prejudged it, and condemns the follower who has insisted on the expediency of leaving it open.

Having thus with one hand closed against the Unionist Liberals the door of reconciliation which he ostentatiously pretends to open with the other, Mr. GLADSTONE then blandly invites them to join him in insisting on the immediate reopening of a question on which their own well-known opinions have been ruled out. The Government, he says, "after grumbling at our taking six weeks to prepare our plans, have already, without complaint from us, taken six months to prepare theirs. Are we not all agreed that at the end of this rather ample time they should be produced?" But why should we be "all agreed" upon this? Why should the Unionist Liberals be agreed in demanding the production of plans which, when they are produced, will be considered by the Separatist Liberals in the light of the principle which Lord WOLVERTON's resolution affirms, and which the Unionists have seceded from their party for the express purpose of repudiating? "No one can say at this time," continues Mr. GLADSTONE in the same singular strain, that when those plans are produced "we must go to loggerheads over them." But everybody can say, the Unionist Liberals may reply, that we shall go to loggerheads over them. Lord WOLVERTON has in fact already said it, and so long as resolutions in the sense of his are passed at meetings of Separatist Liberals, and receive the approval of Mr. GLADSTONE himself, it is as certain as anything can be that that result must follow. The mere fact of agreeing that the Ministerial proposals ought to be produced and ought not to be shuffled off may be, as Mr. GLADSTONE says, "a step in the right direction" so far as the prospects of Liberal reunion are concerned. But if so, why does he go out of his way to applaud those members of his party who are doing their best to render that "step in the right direction" impossible? Conservatives ought, indeed, to rejoice at the miserable figure which the Separatist leader, in common with all the more prominent members of the party, is cutting in the capacity of political tactician. We always knew that it would be a hard matter, if not a downright impossible undertaking, for the two sections of the Liberal party to effect a junction. But we scarcely looked for such good fortune as that of seeing the breach between them daily widened by the ludicrously maladroit efforts of one of the two divided sections to close it. For the failure of their efforts, however skilful in their conception, we were prepared. What we did not anticipate was to find their very counsels smitten with this judicial ineptitude.

#### FISHERY DISPUTES.

THE quarrels between English and foreign fishermen, which began a short time ago in the good old way of assault and battery at Ramsgate, have entered into a more diplomatic but not therefore less angry phase. Instead of the boarding of French boats in English harbours, we hear of the capture of foreign trawlers calling themselves Belgians, but totally unprovided with papers, and of subsequent troubles. It is also reported that "devils" have been picked up among the nets of our fishermen. These fearful wild-fowl cannot have been put there by the owners of the nets. So much is evident. Who did put them there remains still a matter of speculation, nor can it be said that the Admiralty is going the right way to work to clear up the mystery. It sends gunboats to cruise on the fishing grounds, and they capture craft which have apparently no right to be where they are found. When it has got them, it lets them go. Now there are two things which seem to need explaining in this story. Firstly, why is it that protective cruisers have not always been on the spot; secondly, why is it that when they are sent, and make captures in the course of discharging their duties, the vessels taken are let go before the Court of Admiralty, which is supposed to be the only authority in this country competent to decide on the legality of marine captures, has had a word to say on the matter?

These are the questions which have been discussed in a public meeting at Lowestoft, and not without reason. Some days ago H.M.S. *Ariel* captured, after a lively chase, and

brought into Lowestoft a vessel said to be a Belgian, and named the *Josephine*. Her offences were "showing no lights, carrying no papers, and having on board a number of grapnels and a large quantity of English gear." It is not necessary to go as far as the indignation meeting at Lowestoft, which held that such a craft "could only be regarded as a pirate by general maritime law, which went before any convention." What is a pirate and what is general maritime law? Did the Lowestoft meeting seriously propose that the crew of the *Josephine* should swing from the yard-arm of the *Ariel*? As pirates that should have been their fate; but the meeting must have spoken out of the abundance of its indignation. The *Josephine's* men were not pirates, except in the extremely technical sense in which this ugly name was applied to the Peruvian politicians who seized the *Huascar*. Still, it does not follow that the *Josephine* should have been liberated by direct order of the Admiralty to the captain of the *Ariel*. She had apparently been guilty of a breach of the Fishery Convention, and before she was let go a proper authority ought to have decided on the nature and extent of her offence. So at least it would seem. The UNDER-SECRETARY of STATE for the Foreign Office must be of the same way of thinking. Sir JAMES FERGUSSON, in a somewhat querulous letter to Sir SAVILLE CROSSLEY, M.P., ventures to suggest that the Lowestoft indignation meeting was premature while "a case is under inquiry." Perhaps so; but it naturally follows that the release of the *Josephine* before her case had been inquired into at all was premature likewise, and that is just the subject of complaint. People at Lowestoft hardly need to wait to hear what is decided at "the meeting on Wednesday" before thinking that the Admiralty might for its part have waited to hear what the Courts had to say before letting the *Josephine* go. Possibly, too, the Lowestoft people may say, on hearing Sir JAMES FERGUSSON's letter, that an indignation meeting held before the Ministry has made its mind up may serve to influence its decision, whereas one held afterwards might very easily be too late. On that ground the Lowestofters may possibly decide that they did well to be angry. At least they may make the Admiralty think twice before acting in future without waiting for the report of the Inspector or hearing the opinion of the Board of Trade. Sir JAMES FERGUSSON is eager to declare that HER MAJESTY'S Government will not neglect the interests of British subjects. In the present case this means, or ought to mean, that the fishermen shall be protected hook and line, bob and sinker. If, however, that is to be done, the Admiralty must be stopped from suddenly undoing the work of its own officers for no intelligible motive. This is what it has done apparently in the present case. The captain of the *Ariel* either was or was not justified in arresting the *Josephine*. If he was, then why was she let go without inquiry? if he was not, then her bare release was not enough. In either case inquiry was needed.

#### LORD SALISBURY ON HOME POLITICS.

LORD SALISBURY'S references to home politics at Guildhall were enough to exasperate a certain party among his opponents by their very brevity. They occupied less than one-fourth of the newspaper reports of his speech, and on the question of Ireland that portion of them which concerns Irish legislation bears a still smaller ratio to the PRIME MINISTER'S remarks on Irish government. Even the opening sentence of the business part of Lord SALISBURY'S speech must have struck a note of profound discouragement in the Separatist mind. "So slow," he said, "is the progress of our Parliamentary machine that I believe with scarcely an exception the whole of the legislative work which we shall undertake next year is that which we have already pledged ourselves in our previous administration to undertake." Many wistful eyes have been doubtless directed to this sentence in the endeavour to make it yield some promise of those plans of "home government" or "local government"—to quote Mr. GLADSTONE'S ingeniously question-begging allocation—on which the Separatist builds his slender hopes of breaking the ranks of the defenders of the Union. But the scrutiny has yielded no result. Lord SALISBURY'S words are positively confined to the pledges, not of the last Session, but of the last period of Conservative administration. They bear no reference, therefore, to the Ministerial undertaking given two months ago with reference to a prospective

attempt to enlarge the area of local administrative institutions in Ireland. Nor is it possible to the dejected Gladstonians to derive any comfort from the fact that the programme of the present Administration contained a very brief and very guarded reference to Irish local government. That, considered as a consolation, is too thin; and so at last the despairing conclusion has to be faced that Lord SALISBURY's words mean exactly what they appear to mean, and that Ministers will be quite content next Session with a modest attempt to realize the legislative programme announced from the Throne in January of the present year.

But the discomfiture of the impatient Separatist does not end here. He finds evil omen in the PRIME MINISTER's remark on the slowness of the Parliamentary machine, and to the "not very sanguine hope entertained by some of us" that it may be made to move a little faster." Words like these appear to open to him a dismal prospect indeed. If the Ministerial hope of quickening the Parliamentary machine is not very sanguine, and if nevertheless Ministers intend, as they undoubtedly do intend, to devote themselves first of all and almost exclusively to this work, what expectation is there that they will do much next Session in the way of law-making at all? And the desponding querist is obliged to admit to himself that the expectation in question is very faint indeed. Was not Mr. GLADSTONE himself—the indefatigable Mr. GLADSTONE, that master of Parliamentary &c. &c.—compelled to summon Parliament for an Autumn Session in order to deal with the Procedure question in the extremely ineffective fashion in which it was dealt with in 1882? And what is to be expected now when the obstructionist is, as it were, at his last ditch, and, if the Ministerial proposals are only thorough, may find himself compelled to make a desperate stand for the privilege of blocking the progress of business before it is wrested from him altogether? Such are the questions which suggested themselves to the uneasy minds of Mr. GLADSTONE's followers, and it must be admitted that they have reason to be disturbed by them. Assuming that the plan which the Government will submit to the House of Commons for the reform of its Rules of Procedure is of the thoroughgoing character to which all indications point, it can hardly fail to give the signal for violent and protracted conflict. The Parnellites will fight not only in their own interests, but to put pressure on the Separatist Liberals; and this latter branch of the Anglo-Irish Opposition has already given us a taste of their quality in the matter of upholding the dignity and authority of the Speaker. Mr. GLADSTONE will probably do all that can be decorously done to trip up the Government, and when that business can no longer be carried on with decency, he will, no doubt, hand it over to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and retire to Bavaria. As to Sir WILLIAM, we fully expect him to develop as fine an enthusiasm for Parliamentary privilege as he has for Irish nationality, and, with his peculiar ideas as to what constitutes respect for the authority of the Chair, he should be able to render considerable service to his comrades below the gangway. The whole tactics of the conjoint party will, no doubt, be determined by a consideration of the general programme of the Session; but there can hardly be much difference in their attitude, whatever form this programme may take, so long as the Reform of Procedure occupies the first place. That circumstance in itself will commit them to a militant policy. If they still retain any hope of extracting an Irish local government scheme from Ministers in the course of next Session, they must oppose Procedure reform, which will weaken their power of obstructing the Ministerial measure when it is produced. If, on the other hand, they have abandoned all hope of another "Irish Session," they will probably register a mental vow to detain Ministers long enough over the readjustment of the machine to prevent their doing any work with it before the recess.

That this last expectation is the one on which they will probably have to shape their course is pretty certain. Lord SALISBURY's comments on the Irish question are at once too full and too precise in their references to specific legislation to leave much doubt on that point. After disposing of the ridiculous fiction put about by persons of whom many probably did not even know the meaning of the phrase that General BULLER had been exercising a "dispensing power" in the name of the Government, the PRIME MINISTER went on to affirm in weighty words the first, and, for the present, at any rate, the last political truth on the subject of Ireland. "It is not," he

said, "to legislation, but to a steady course of honest government, if we can obtain it, that I look for the restoration of prosperity in that country. I do not exclude legislation; it may be necessary, but I should recommend as little of it as possible, and that that which we have of it should be undertaken with as little haste and with as much caution and prudence as we can command." We quote these sentences in full as setting forth in concise and forcible terms what we take to be the precise conclusion to which any sensible Englishman, unpledged to either party, with no bias against legislative change, but a due and rational appreciation of the social blessings to which all legislative changes are merely the means, would naturally arrive on an impartial survey of the present condition of Ireland. It is needless to add, however, that it is also the precise conclusion which, to all the pledged supporters of Mr. GLADSTONE, is the most strenuously to be repudiated. The one thing which they cannot afford to do is to wait. They can no more do without Parliamentary agitations of the Irish question, or of branches of the Irish question, than the Jacobites could do without political ferment in one matter or another during the reign of WILLIAM III. "Box it about; it will come to my father," is a password which Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE might very well be instructed to popularize among the members of his party. Keep Ireland restless and unquiet, as you can keep her by continually dangling before her eyes ambitious projects of Nationalist legislation—keep Ireland restless and unquiet, and the opportunity of Mr. GLADSTONE and his combined following of English and Irish Repealers may return. But let Ireland subside into tranquillity, let her accept the facts of life in the spirit of the chastened CANDIDE, and take to cultivating her garden, and let her understand that that is to be her way of life for at least some time to come, and the politicians, English and Irish, whose only hope is in agitation will have a very gloomy prospect before them. "The salvation of Ireland for the time is to be found," said Lord SALISBURY, "more in good government than in an alteration of the law, and the sooner we can dissuade her population from speculating in politics, the more readily will they take to more wholesome habits of thought." The advice is excellent; but it is obviously fatal to the occupation of those political stockjobbers who have hitherto done the bulk of their business with the Irish speculator.

#### SPOOKICAL RESEARCH.

"YER I come a bilin'," said one of the young Tarrypins during the famous race in which Brer Rabbit's colours were lowered, and "Yer I come a bulgin'," said another of them. Yer comes the Society for Spookical Research a bilin' and a bulgin'. A word of apology may seem to be due to the worthy persons of whom the society is composed for the apparent liberty here taken with its name. But a moment's reflection will show them that the metathesis whereby the Greek root  $\psi\upsilon\chi$  is altered into the Teutonic substantive spook is as natural and indeed obvious an instance of the working of a celebrated law as it is possible to imagine. The Society, then, for Spookical Research bills in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* magazine, where Mr. Frederick Myers proves with much learning that the Mr. Hyde which is in all of us, and which most of us generally are, may be made to give way permanently to Dr. Jekyll by the judicious application of a toasting-fork to one side of the person. It bulges in two volumes, about the size of haystacks, entitled *Phantasms of the Living* (London: Trübner & Co. 1886), and constructed with infinite labour by Mr. Edmund Gurney, Mr. Frederick Myers, and Mr. Frank Podmore. The division of labour was thus. All three authors, particularly Mr. Podmore, collected the necessary material in the shape of several hundreds—for aught we know thousands—of ghost stories, good, bad, and indifferent. Moreover, they "cross-examined" their informants, and explained to some of them how silly their scruples about publishing the telepathical adventures of their grandmothers, daughters, cousins, uncles, and lovers, defunct or otherwise, really were. Having collected the stories, they classified them, each after his kind. Then Mr. Myers wrote an introduction, bristling with metaphor and gorgeous with rhetorical imagery, and also a "Note on a Suggested Method of Psychical Interaction," of which more anon. And last of all Mr. Gurney wrote the book.

The article expounding the existence, manifest principally in the mad, of Jekyll, Hyde, & Co., is full of interest, and deserves comment; but if a Society will both bulge and bile at the same time, it must take the consequences, and the present observations will be devoted to the bulgin', no further notice being accorded to the bilin' than the respectful acknowledgment of its existence which has already been made. Mr. Gurney's book—as it may, for brevity, be not unfairly called—is very long. It is not only



that it has considerably over a thousand pages, or that it contains 702 separate ghost stories, each furnished with an "evidential number," as well as a great many more ghost stories in foot-notes which for one reason or another have been held not to deserve evidential numbers. It is long in the sense that Mr. Gurney's style of making comments and suggesting explanations is cumbersome and involved, and that his notion of clearly expounding ideas not very easy to realize at all is to say the same things more than once in different but circuitous forms. Whatever the merits of his subject, his book is not lucid enough to be popular even among cultivated readers, and the great majority of those who accept his arguments will do so, not because they have been convinced by them, but because they agreed with him beforehand.

Mr. Gurney's argument, reduced to its simplest expression, comes to something like this. Experiments, conducted chiefly under the auspices of members of the S. P. R., prove that certain persons have the faculty of conveying to certain other persons the substance of their thoughts upon certain subjects of limited interest otherwise than by the ordinary channels of the bodily senses. This process is called experimental telepathy. The 357 comparatively well-attested ghost stories (a vulgar expression, which is here used for convenience, without prejudice to Mr. Gurney's more specific phrases) hereinafter contained prove that certain persons have displayed the faculty of causing certain other persons to think thoughts which they would not otherwise think, or to see, hear, or feel what may be compendiously styled ghosts on certain occasions. This process is called spontaneous telepathy. Hence we may conclude that, whatever experimental telepathy may be, spontaneous telepathy is another development of the same thing; and from the admitted proof of experimental telepathy we may fairly infer that spontaneous telepathy really exists; or, in other words, that such ghost stories, if any, as are satisfactorily proved to be true are not accidental and inexplicable events, but instances of a fairly frequent and partly comprehensible natural phenomenon. This phenomenon the S. P. R. proposes to elucidate as much as possible. It will be seen that in this argument there are three principal steps. The first is to prove the existence of experimental telepathy. The second is to prove the existence of spontaneous telepathy—that is, that a certain number of ghost stories are true, and that the alleged ghosts were not flukes, but spooks. The third is to prove the connexion between the two. The proof of the first of these points is as follows. The Society discovered a good number of people who used to perform what the vulgar would call tricks, of a trivial but surprising nature. One person, called the agent, would pull a card out of a pack and gaze fixedly at it, or think vehemently of a number consisting of two digits, or put a strongly-tasting substance into his mouth. Another person, called the percipient, would be blindfolded, put in another room, or otherwise prevented from discovering the answer to the conundrum in the ordinary way, and would forthwith say what he believed the card, thought, or article of food to be. This trick, in one form or another, was successful in a surprisingly large number of instances. Another favourite experiment was for the agent to concentrate his mind on a rude picture designed by himself—and they all seem to have been singularly poor draughtsmen—of a circle, a donkey, or the like, and for the percipient, who could not see the picture, to draw a "reproduction" of it. On this part of the book it is necessary to make only two observations. The first is, that it is a pity that all the experiments were so purely experimental. If they had ever produced any result of more importance than somebody "spotting" peppermint or the two of hearts—if there was any money in them, for instance—they would appeal much more strongly to the general imagination. Secondly, it is asking too much to expect a casual reader to accept as conclusive the opinion of the members of the S. P. R. who happen to be present that the performers were absolutely incapable of deceit. All men are liars, more or less, and it is common knowledge that the resources of trickery are boundless. It is one thing not to be able to point out, on the written description of a particular feat of telepathy, where trickery may possibly have come in. It is quite another thing to accept the assurance of three enthusiastic discoverers of telepathy that it could not have come in anywhere.

For the sake of argument let us suppose the existence of experimental telepathy to be established. The next point our authors make is substantially the most important in the present work. It is that the "that very moment" ghost, spook, wraith, or whatever he may be illiterately called, is a real phenomenon which actually does occur. The book is called *Phantasms of the Living*, and takes no account of apparitions of persons unquestionably dead at the time. The suggestion is that in the cases narrated the spooks were communicated to the percipients before the agents (or spook-owners) were dead, when they were only dying, or nearly dying, which condition is suggested to be peculiarly favourable to telepathic or spook-raising activity. The fact that some of the spooks certainly came, if at all, when their proprietors were no more, is accounted for by the suggestion that it does not follow when a spook is telepathed into your mind that you see him directly. As infectious illnesses are contracted some time before they become apparent, so a telepathed spook sometimes lies dormant in the soul of the percipient until "favourable circumstances"—among which are enumerated solitude, sleep, darkness, &c., &c.—bring him out. The proof which is offered of the genuineness of "that very moment" spooks consists of 357 stories, supplied by persons whom the officers of the S. P. R. on consideration believe to be honest and trustworthy, and such

corroboration as it has been found possible to supply is specified with the stories. The authors say that the weight of this testimony is irresistible. We say that it takes the case no further than it had previously been taken by random anecdotes known to everybody. In an inquiry of this sort no one person's testimony ought to be accepted. Almost everybody can lie, and hardly any one can tell a story, especially after the lapse of a year or two, with complete accuracy. There ought to be corroboration, and it ought, if possible, to consist in part of documentary statements plausibly asserted to have been made at the time. In such a matter as this no wise man would rely in any degree on hearsay, and even memory after the lapse of a not very long time becomes highly untrustworthy. Such corroboration as "I well remember my husband mentioning to me before we heard of dear Arthur's death in 1862 that he was sure he was dead, because he had seen him on the stairs," is worth just nothing at all. When the evidence collected is tried by such tests as these, the only possible judgment is that the spooks have failed to establish their case. Most of the events narrated are alleged to have happened a long time ago, and there is an immense deal of hearsay. The authors have so little understanding of what corroboration is that they think that it corroborates the story of a man who says his father died in 1871 to point out that the *Times* records his death in that year. There are a very few well-attested stories; but they are so few that they are not sufficient to overcome the necessary discount for what Mr. Gurney calls chance-coincidence, and for the practical certainty that some of the informants of the S. P. R. have wilfully sought to deceive them. The edifice of inconclusiveness is crowned by the omission of the famous story of Chief Justice Hornby and the spook of the reporter. On the point of "chance-coincidence," Mr. Gurney makes free use of an entirely inadmissible argument. A dies, and at that very moment B sees his spook. With the aid of Mr. F. Y. Edgeworth and the calculus of probabilities, Mr. Gurney makes a calculation of this sort:—A lives so many half-hours and sees only one spook. Therefore the chances against his seeing a spook in any given half-hour are so many to one. A knows so many people, and therefore the chances against the one spook he sees being B's are so many to one. Therefore the chances against A's seeing B's spook at that very moment are something extravagant. By this process one may prove that nothing will ever happen. The chances against Mr. Gurney giving a particular shilling to a particular cabman in a particular street at a particular minute would probably require a column or so of this journal for their expression in Arabic numerals. Yet he may do it to-morrow, and there will be nothing surprising about it. In order to illustrate the method whereby our conclusion touching the value of the evidence of spooks has been arrived at, we will give examples of a good and a bad piece of evidence. Miss Bevan and Miss Elliott were sleeping in the same house. Miss Bevan dreamt that she heard Miss Elliott was dead, that she went to her room, saw that her eyes were staring at the ceiling, "dropped at the foot of her bed and knew no more" until she found herself in her own room "half out of bed." Miss Elliott tells how she was lying awake looking at the ceiling, and Miss Bevan came in and bent over her, "but not far enough to come between my eyes and the ceiling," and then went and crouched down at the foot of the bed; that she was surprised at Miss Bevan's strange behaviour, and when the latter touched her foot was so much startled that she "knew no more" until she found herself searching in vain for Miss Bevan in the room, and discovered that one door was locked and the other through which Miss Bevan had left the room the evening before was shut, the handle on the outside having fallen to the floor when Miss Bevan closed it in the evening. The natural explanation is that Miss Bevan walked in her sleep, opened the door by fitting the fallen handle on to the lock, and left the room by the same door, the handle again falling off as such handles do. When Miss Bevan expressly says "I have not walked in my sleep more than three times in my life; the last time was about a year ago; on no occasion have I left my room," there can be no reasonable doubt about the matter. Yet Mr. Gurney insists on considering this a striking instance of a dream telepathically communicated from one lady to the other. He thinks it "seems almost incredible" that Miss Bevan can have left by the door with the broken handle, putting the handle on the floor when she had shut the door, and lightly disposes of the probability that it might have fallen out of her hand by saying that if it had some one would have heard it. It is very clear that a person who has a theory to support, and who supports it by utterly rejecting a perfectly natural explanation in favour of so far-fetched a one as the telepathically transferred dream, is of no use as a witness on matters of opinion, and in particular, which is the important point for his readers, as to the truthfulness or good faith of his informants. The good piece of evidence is that Mr. Sladen, resident at Melbourne, dreamt on a certain day that his father's kitchen in London was on fire. He made an entry under the date of the dream in his diary, and subsequently received a letter from his father which said that on that day at about the time of the dream the kitchen was on fire. Mr. Gurney has seen the entry in the diary, and the letter, which presumably has a postmark. This may be explained in one of three ways. The dream may have been truly telepathic, or it may have been a very odd fluke, or Mr. Sladen may have thought that a spook-hunting author was fair game for a hoax. It is obvious that no one who does not know Mr. Sladen well is in a position to form any opinion of weight as to which of the three explanations is the true one.

Holding for the reasons briefly indicated the view that, in spite of the herculean industry of Mr. Gurney and his friends, spooks are not proven, we need not say more on the question whether, given spooks, and given experimental telepathy, they have anything to do with each other, than that the connexion would be by no means so indisputable as Mr. Gurney seems to think. As to exactly how it is done, especially in cases where two or more people see (or hear) the spook at once, there is a slight difference of opinion. Mr. Gurney thinks spooks may be catching—that is, that he who is in company with a person seeing a spook is not unlikely to see it himself. Mr. Myers, in the note already mentioned, suggests that perhaps all or most spooks are mutual—that is, that the agent whose ghost is seen sees the percipient with the eyes of his ghost, and he is, therefore, also a percipient, and the percipient also an agent. Unfortunately it is difficult to prove this from the experience of the so-called agent, because he so often dies immediately after the telepathic crisis. But if the agent by his spook can see the percipient, he can also see whoever is where the percipient is, and so, if the third person happen to be telepathically sympathetic, the agent can put himself or his spook in telepathic communication with that person and make him see the spook. Mr. Myers does not put it quite so shortly, prosaically, or plainly as that, but that is about what it comes to.

In conclusion, it appears that persons with time on their hands might do better than take up telepathy. Experimental telepathy, in particular, seems to be a rather dubious amusement. There is no positive harm in guessing cards or drawing rhomboids of dissipated aspect, but it does not always stop there. There is a certain person, it seems, who is able, by going thoughtfully to sleep, to make his spook appear to certain young ladies of his acquaintance after they have retired to rest. Not only so, but it has been known, on more occasions than one, to go the length of pulling their hair. But if any spook can be so indiscreet as this, it seems to follow that experimental telepathy might produce compromising results. On the whole it is, perhaps, just as well that the vast mass of "evidence" hitherto collected by the Society for Psychical Research does not, when impartially considered, prove anything more than that the drawing-room tricks described as "thought-transference" may be played with rather startling results—which most people knew before.

#### POLITICUS PHILOPSEUDES.

THERE have been many treatises on Political Lying, and perhaps that title has become a little hackneyed. Veiled and softened in the obscurity of a learned language, it may recover zest for jaded palates. As for the thing and the practitioners of the thing, they are always with us. Their trade is privileged; and it, at least, ought to follow that comment on it is privileged also. If it is not, Mr. Bright ought to be the defendant in divers—that is to say, a thousand—libel suits, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone (who probably does not now think much of Mr. Bright) appears to be anxious to serve himself heir to Mr. Bright's vocation, trade, or profession. Also, there are others, and the delicacies of Touchstone's distinctions seem to be almost lost in a rough-and-ready age. Probably there is no political lie direct; certainly a great many people nowadays seem to proceed as if there were no consequences of one.

Some very curious instances of the practices of the Politicus Philopseudes (or Philopseudes Politicus, for either order will do) have been brought under the notice of readers of the newspapers this week. He is not confined within the limits (not very wide ones) of the Gladstonian party, but he flourishes most greenly there. Of course (an allowance which we make of our gentleness, and which he would not make himself) this particular Philopseudes is, like the man in the play, "wholly ignorant of his own affection." He does not know what he is in love with. Thus, Sir William Harcourt, when he has charged Lord Randolph Churchill with falsification in describing his (Sir William's) and Mr. Gladstone's conduct last Session, when Lord Randolph has produced chapter and verse from Hansard to support his version, and when he (Sir William) has given his version of the chapter and verse, thinks no doubt that it is "all very capital." Yet what does it come to? Lord Randolph had said that Mr. Gladstone defied the authority of the Speaker. Sir William replies that Mr. Gladstone spoke with the leave of the House. The fact was that Mr. Gladstone, being ruled out of order by the Speaker, availed himself of his personal position, and of the fact that the *parole* could hardly be refused to a person in that position, to interrupt the proceedings and strain the "leave of the House" in an almost, if not quite, unprecedented manner. This fact is compatible with both Lord Randolph's and Sir William's descriptions in the letter; with which it is the more compatible any honest man may judge. As for Sir William's description of his own proceedings, the honest man will have a little more trouble in his charitable efforts at reconciliation of spirit and letter. The facts are these:—The Speaker first ruled Sir William out of order. Sir William appealed; and the Speaker, secondly, said that Sir William was not justified in that line of argument. Sir William "bowed to his ruling," and then went on to speak in such a fashion that the Speaker, thirdly (and three warnings have a well-understood meaning), interrupted him, accused him of "arguing with the Chair," stated that he had "already given his opinion," and that he expected

"the right hon. gentleman to accept it." Lord Randolph describes this as "being within an ace of being suspended"; Sir William as "obeying the ruling of the Speaker." So have we seen that noble animal the dog display some symptoms of recalcitrance. The whip is lifted and still he recalcitrates; the lash is untwisted and he is recalcitrant still; at last a sharp crack brings him to his senses without the whip actually touching him. Perhaps in the language of dogs and gods this is called obedience; in the language of men it is called being within an ace of being whipped.

The second example is much less surprising. Everybody has noticed the persistent rumours about dispensing powers assumed by Sir Redvers Buller, by Captain Plunkett, and by others in Ireland. The few old hands who have been taught to discern the false from the true may have detected the falsity of this at once from certain nearly infallible signs, such as discrepancies of detail; and some audacious but not altogether ill-inspired spirits may have contented themselves with the reflection that, as Irish Nationalists in the past have rarely known how to speak the truth, even when it might have suited them to do so, it was highly improbable that Irish Nationalists of the present should know how to speak the truth when it was an obvious advantage to speak falsehood. But the readiness and eagerness with which the English Philopseudes has fastened on these inventions of his Irish brother, and the recklessness with which he has taken them for gospel and disseminated them as such, are distinct cases in point. Still more so is the repeated and constant misrepresentation of Mr. Chaplin by the *Daily News*, which has at last moved the long-suffering victim to address a remonstrance to this particular Philopseudes himself. Every one who has read Mr. Chaplin's speeches last week and the week before knows that to describe him as "raising the standard of revolt against" the present Ministry or against Lord Randolph Churchill on any single point except the point of Clôture is—suppose we say a political invention of the very grossest kind. This invention has, in spite of warning, been repeated over and over again in the columns of the *Daily News*, and it is not at all impossible that it may be repeated again.

It becomes, then, exceedingly interesting to examine the probable motives and condition of mind of the authors of these singular exercises in fiction, the product of a single week, and indeed, as far as the particular documents we have quoted are concerned, of a single day. The intelligent and charitable judge will probably be of opinion that Sir William Harcourt of course believed what he said, that the Nationalists who started the Buller circular of course did not believe what they said, and that, as to the imaginative person in the *Daily News* who belied Mr. Chaplin persistently, *non liquet*. To Sir William it no doubt seems that to be on the point of being suspended is not to be within an ace of being suspended, and that obedience consists in postponing the act of obeying to the very last safe moment. To the unknown Irish romancer it seems that anything is good which may damage the Saxon. But the exact condition of mind of the third party, or parties, is very problematical. Uncharitable persons always assume that the Political Philopseudes is a conscious Philopseudes, that he deliberately and of malice prepense says the thing that is not in order to annoy, damage, or discredit opponents. Probably this is rarely the case. Either invincible prejudice, or carelessness almost as invincible, or a certain dash of stupidity, or more likely a mixture of all the three, will account for a great many things, and for this among others. In politics, even more than in actual rough-and-tumble fighting, *favor arma ministrat*, and certainly the partisans of Mr. Gladstone, English and Irish, anonymous or rejoicing in names, are just now very furious. Still there are so many legitimate weapons, and this is so illegitimate. Philopseudes might bestow his affections on so many comparatively respectable objects that his disorderly passion in this respect must surely seem surprising.

So the charitable charitably, but perhaps not altogether wisely. For it is at least capable of being argued that Philopseudes has no choice in the matter; that he takes up the weapon not because he is too excited to exercise choice, or does not care about choosing, but because there is none other to his hand; that he makes love to the lady not on the philosophical principles of Southey, and in a less reputable way of Duclous, but because nobody else will have anything to do with him. And there is certainly much to be said for this view. For, after all, if a Gladstonian were to confine himself to the truth at present, would the truth have anything to say to him? We rather doubt it, or do not doubt it at all. There is just one prominent member of the party who does confine himself to the truth, or at least makes the most strenuous efforts to do so. That is Mr. John Morley, and an examination of Mr. John Morley's speeches at this time and for some months past will furnish very curious confirmation of what has just been said. Ever since Mr. Morley started his famous argument that we must give the Irish Home Rule lest a worse thing come upon us, his tone has been, when he has done anything but make profession of faith in Mr. Gladstone *simpliciter*, the most despondent and the least encouraging possible. He has been rated by his own party for taking gloomy views of the future, and he has entirely failed to make out any sort of comfortable view of the past. Even at the "Who's Afraid?" meeting at Leeds, with cheers and Kentish fire ringing round him to keep up his and the cheerers' spirits, with an evidently staunch determination not to say die, and every possible inducement to "keep it up," he accomplished little but a damper. Nor can any honest and intelligent man on the Gladstonian side, who keeps his eyes open to facts, and avoids the fascination of the particular



Delilah of Philopseudes's imagination, hope to accomplish anything else. As for the others—the persons who are neither honest nor intelligent, those who are intelligent but not honest, and those—much the largest number—who are honest but not intelligent—they occupy themselves in the manner illustrated by the shining examples quoted in the early part of this article. This Philopseudes knows what the object of his affection really is and that does not. But all of them run after the same thing, and a very ugly thing it is, though modern squeamishness forbids, even in allegory, the plain-speaking which Spenser bestowed upon it in the character of Duessa three hundred years ago.

#### FRENCH OPERA IN LONDON.

AT its best the "star system" of operatic management is to be deprecated, but the star system without stars is in the highest degree deplorable. It was after this fashion, unfortunately, that M. Mayer began his season of French opera with M. Gounod's *Faust* at Her Majesty's Theatre. The orchestra is of the sort that makes a nervous man very uncomfortable indeed; the chorus is distressing at its best and exasperating usually. If it were possible to atone for this condition of affairs, artists of altogether exceptional capacity would have to make us forget it; but, though the presentation of the four chief parts was at times distinguished by excellent qualities, the performers have their drawbacks. The "star" must have something approaching or extending to genius. M. Vergnet, the Faust, has a beautiful tenor voice, as many readers are doubtless aware; not only this, but he sings with admirable purity and taste. For either a French or German tenor to have a real tenor voice is a great and rare thing. M. Vergnet renders Faust's music charmingly, so far as the mere vocalization goes, but there he stops abruptly. He does not play Faust. M. Dauphin has merit. If we were not acquainted with the Mephistopheles of M. Faure, and of his legitimate successor M. Maurel, M. Dauphin would probably be far more impressive. The Valentin of M. Devries is in the rank with a number of competent Valentines—he does not advance himself beyond it. As Marguerite Mme. Fides Devries is very good indeed in various portions of the opera. It would not be kind to consider her in comparison with the original Marguerite of the *Lyrique* or of the French Opera, Mme. Miolan-Carvalho or Mme. Nilsson; still Mme. Fides Devries is an extremely meritorious vocalist. We were not soothed by the dreamy languor of the King of Thule ballad, nor stirred by the brilliance of the Jewel Song. Both numbers were very capably delivered, but that was all. Mme. Fides Devries shows much thought and some forgetfulness. A round of applause abstracts her from her part; she fails to remember that on the stage Marguerite alone has any existence. The *prima donna* was at her best and her worst in the *terzetto* of the last act; at her best because in the delivery of this prayer fervour marked her utterances, and at the worst because, when some silly person handed a basket of flowers on to the stage, the representation was temporarily abandoned till the ill-timed gift had been acknowledged. It is satisfactory to see that this outrage on good taste has been the subject of criticism in at least one of the daily papers. The first duty of players is to merge their personality into that of the characters they are representing; there can be no illusion when a character is assumed fitfully. Mme. Fides Devries gives a new reading to the scene of Valentin's death. Instead of shrinking in terror from his words, and throwing herself with a cry on his dead body, his reproaches drive Marguerite mad straightway. She is horror-stricken when first she sees him on the ground, wounded; as he calls down the curse she is overwhelmed with anguish, and her mind gives way; a vacant smile comes to her face, she has been driven out of her wits. The idea is well conceived. As carried out here, it creates rather approval of the actress's skill than sympathy for the Marguerite. The Broken scene is not given at Her Majesty's; indeed, except the four lines of the Soldiers' Chorus, "Oui, c'est plaisir," nothing not generally heard in England is included.

*Carmen* served the admirable purpose of introducing Mme. Galli-Marié. Apart from her, it was but the distorted shadow of Bizet's work that the company presented. A few such performances would do much to destroy the popularity the opera has attained, since the *Carmen par excellence* cannot be always with us. While adequately given, the setting of Prosper Mérimée's story must always increase in the esteem of audiences. Discussing Bizet's music, an able critic says:—"Les gens naïfs aimaient beaucoup à parler de son *Wagnerisme*. . . Ils auraient pu tout aussi bien parler de son *Rossinisme* et de son *Verdisme*. Il avait de bonne heure fait le tour du monde des idées, savait les maîtres et les adorait avec cette fièvre désinvolte d'un esprit indépendant, capable de tout comprendre et de tout admirer." The words are well written; Bizet's *Carmen* is emphatically his own. Instead of declaring that he has been on this tour, it would perhaps be better to say that he has drawn from the source of original inspiration. *Carmen*, however, has won its place, is happily well known, and need not be discussed; but it is pleasant to bear witness to the appreciative reception—appreciative, and therefore enthusiastic—which was bestowed upon Mme. Galli-Marié by an audience whose temper was sorely tried. We look at the Habanera in our score—a quaint and yet graceful melody—but whence does it derive all the significance which Mme. Galli-Marié imparts to it? It is Carmen's exposition of love. There is no

other character in the world of dramatic poetry that could speak by such utterances as these, the fanciful pauses down the chromatic scale, so light and delicate; no other song could so well express what Carmen has to say. Her ardent sighs seem to rise and fall through the voices of her companions as they take up the refrain. That mysterious something which is so far beyond and apart from the most careful and accurate enunciation of the notes distinguishes all the music which the French artist has to sing. This Carmen, with hot Southern blood in her veins, impetuously carried away by the passion and impulses which so soon affect her, is an extraordinarily vivid picture from the life which again and again makes us forget the stage. The critic already quoted can only say that Mme. Galli-Marié is open to the reproach of interpreting the part in "une façon trop vraie, trop réaliste," a reproach which few are fortunate enough to deserve. There is scarcely one of Carmen's scenes throughout the opera that might not be described in detail for the purpose of proving how admirable is her interpretation. One of the many episodes which will enchain the attention and win the cordial admiration of the spectator is where José holds her with a stern grip, after Escamillo has quitted the rocky pass where the smugglers have rested, and tells her that he will return. Carmen makes one effort to escape his grasp, feels her impotence, and seems to be tranquil, though her fury is rising and suppressed passion is making her tremble. The gesture with which she draws her dagger and darts after him when he has released her and turned away is so startlingly true that we look with veritable apprehension to see what befalls the abandoned soldier-lover. Of the rest little need be said. On Monday evening MM. Duchesne and Devries, as José and Escamillo, were tolerable; nearly all the rest were not quite that.

#### THE ETHICAL ASPECT OF MATERIALISM.

THERE is little perhaps that will be actually new to serious, and especially to religious thinkers, who have deliberately taken stock of the tendencies of the present age in Mr. Lilly's interesting paper in the *Fortnightly Review* on "Materialism and Morality." But even those who are familiar with the subject may find a fresh light thrown upon it, and will certainly find their attention arrested, by his incisive method of stating the case. His two main contentions, which have regard to the meaning of materialism and its ethical operation in the modern world, might fairly be accepted as unquestionable, if both had not been so persistently questioned that it is quite worth while to reaffirm and enforce them. The first point is one on which it concerns all who are interested not merely in speculative inquiry but in the ethical condition and prospects of mankind to have a clear apprehension if they would escape the risk of living in a fool's paradise of their own. It is true no doubt that in one sense Materialism—what the late Professor Clifford called "the crass materialism of the savage"—is discredited for higher minds. It lingers, and is always likely to linger, in the dark places of the earth, both moral and intellectual, but it lies beyond the need of philosophical refutation. What Mr. Lilly justly insists upon is that Positivism, Determinism, and much that passes for Agnosticism are only subtler and more refined varieties of Materialism. Thus Mr. Huxley declares that "consciousness is a function of nervous matter, when it has attained a certain degree of organization." Mr. Herbert Spencer waxes eloquent on the wonderful properties of matter:—

In his latest work he speaks of "a universe everywhere alive; alive, if not in a restricted sense, at least in a general sense." Still the fact remains that Mr. Spencer seeks to interpret all things in terms of matter and motion, and holds life to be a mere result of physical forces. There are only two conceivable hypotheses open to us. Either Nature is the outcome of Intellect, or Intellect is the outcome of Nature. Mr. Spencer's teaching, considered as a whole, is an elaborate argument on behalf of the latter of these hypotheses. And what is this but Materialism?

All these writers virtually, if not in so many words, identify the whole being of man with his material being, and thus ignore his moral personality. Mr. Frederic Harrison's language is still more explicit. He tells us that "the faculties of the mind, reason and will, are decidedly dependent upon the physical organs," and that to speak of them in the absence of the physical organs is to talk "pure nonsense." Mr. Lilly thus defines the contrast between the two rival systems of "Spiritualism" and "Materialism":—

Spiritualism seeks the explanation of the universe from within, and with Kant holds it as a fundamental truth that the nature of our thinking being imposes our way of conceiving, of valuing, and even of apprehending sensible things. Materialism maintains that in those sensible things must be sought the explanation of our ideas and of our wills. Spiritualism postulates a First Cause possessing absolute freedom, and recognizes true causality in man also, with his endowment of limited and conditioned liberty of the will. Materialism holds that we can know nothing before the proximate and determining causes of phenomena, and demands, in the words of Mr. Huxley, "the banishment from all regions of human thought of what we call spirit and spontaneity."

If follows of course from this that, while Spiritualism—the term appears to us an unfortunate one in view of its modern use or abuse, though it may not be easy to find a substitute—maintains, Materialism necessarily denies or ignores the absolute nature of morality and the essential distinction between good and evil. Not indeed that it is necessarily Materialism to say that the brain is the organ of thought—whether such language be correct or not—so long as it is not asserted to be the cause of thought, any more

than it is atheism to assert the operation of secondary causes, unless it be denied that there is any intelligent First Cause acting through them. But with this proviso, it is true enough that Materialism leaves no room for will and conscience, or in Coleridge's phrase "peeps into death to look for life, as monkeys put their hands behind a looking-glass."

There can however, we are afraid, be little doubt that Mr. Lilly has good ground for recognizing the rapid advance of this school of thought in Europe during recent years. The widespread influence of the English writers already named is one indication of this: in Germany and beyond it Büchner's *Matter and Force* has obtained a still wider celebrity, while in France M. Taine certainly, perhaps also M. Renan, though he speaks with more ambiguous voice, must be classed under the same category. Nor is this materialistic propaganda at all confined to the sphere of abstract speculation; its influence may be unmistakably traced in popular fiction, in politics, and in art. In other words it directly affects and taints the springs of moral life. In literature M. Zola's novels offer a conspicuous illustration; in politics the domination of mere brute force, the divine right of majorities ascertained by counting heads, points in the same direction; a similar and very marked tendency in modern art goes far to explain, if not to justify, Mr. Ruskin's condemnation of it as "a poor toy, petty or vile." It is clearly then no exaggeration to say that "the intellectual atmosphere is charged with Materialism," which finds one expression in "a more or less purulent Hedonism." And what gives to this phenomenon so ominous an import is that the moral, or rather immoral, effect of materialistic beliefs is no separable accident, but an immediate and logical result. It is inevitable that Materialism, in proportion as it becomes an active and living faith, should prove subversive of the rudimentary principles of ethics whether in social or in private life. The bond of civil society is obedience to law, and the obligation of all law human or divine rests on the doctrine of responsibility. But if there is no mental faculty to discriminate moral good and evil, or power of will to choose the good, there can be no true responsibility; "ought" is a meaningless word without *can*. And no consistent materialist, whether of the grosser or more refined type, can admit free will. What Balzac said fifty years ago is literally true in our own days, as recent examples which will at once recur to the memory sufficiently attest; "Crime has been made poetical; tears are drivelled over assassins." And why not, if the saint and the criminal differ merely by the accident of birth, and are alike the mere fortuitous creation of circumstance, with no power to elect their several lots in life?

And if law is the bond of civil society, the family based upon marriage is its centre and foundation. This is no exclusively Christian doctrine, though Christianity has elevated and consecrated the nuptial union, and hence Wordsworth speaks of "pure religion breathing household laws." It was distinctly recognized and enforced in the best days of ancient Rome, and Horace places its corruption in his own age foremost among the causes of national decay. But the sanctity of marriage is no less directly imperilled by the materialistic creed than the sanctity of law. English readers may perhaps be startled by the frank brutality of a modern French advocate of free sexual license who designates marriage "the tomb of love and the chief cause of stupidity and ugliness." But it was not without reason that the Dean of St. Paul's, speaking from the Oxford University pulpit, warned his hearers that, if "the Christian idea of purity has still a hold upon our society, imperfectly enough," it is a very anxious question whether that hold will continue. It may be added—and probably Mr. Lilly would agree with us here—that the "taint of lubricity" has been not a little furthered by the peculiar tactics of some recent apostles of purity, who seem to have wholly forgotten the old adage "*quod fedum factu idem est turpe dictu*." Dean Church speaks of the Christian idea of purity being assailed, but Materialism, as has just been intimated, cuts deeper than to the roots of any religious dogmas however sacred and authentic. It explodes the spiritual nature and true personality of man, and "only a person is capable of a moral act." Without personality there can be no moral obligation; right and wrong, duty and sin, are alike unmeaning terms.

To this whole line of reasoning an *a posteriori* answer is not unfrequently made—to which Mr. Lilly adverts in passing in order to put it aside—by those enthusiasts who share Professor Huxley's optimistic assurance that under all systems of belief or disbelief morality is strong enough to hold her own. It has no real weight, but it requires notice because for shallow thinkers, who are the great majority, it has a specious plausibility. When, then, we are referred to the unimpeachable uprightness or even the lofty self-devotion of individual materialists or agnostics, we are not at all concerned to dispute the alleged fact, which however in some notable instances—as e.g. in Schopenhauer's case—could hardly be insisted upon. Nor is there any need to fall back on the obvious retort that one swallow does not make the spring. The truth is that such an appeal involves an *ignoratio elenchi*. All or nearly all these materialists and agnostics, whose lofty standard of practice is brought forward, had a Christian training, and all of them come of Christian progenitors. The old mediæval canon law, growing out of the long conflict of the Church with heathenism, which made converts "irregular," and therefore incapable of ordination, for three generations was based on a just appreciation of the phenomena of human nature. If it be only the ghost of our past selves which doth compass us, that is enough to make our present very different from what it would have been without our antecedents.

The question is not as to the practice of the first generation of materialist teachers, who breathe the atmosphere and inherit the traditions and something at least of the temper of the faith they have renounced, but of the coming generations who, if their teaching is to prevail, will have been steeped in Materialism from the cradle, to whom the old spiritual dogmas will seem but as the idle dreams of a bygone age of ignorance. We are told that an enlightened selfishness, practically coincident with altruism or a deep and intelligent sympathy with the race, will more than supply the place of the old ethical sanctions. Possibly; but as yet this anticipation is at best a mere arbitrary conjecture, and all the appearances look the other way. The man who refused to do anything for posterity as posterity had done nothing for him had a good deal to say for himself from a materialistic standpoint; and they must be sanguine optimists indeed who hold "that sympathy with the race," which is doomed after a brief interval of earthly existence to speedy and absolute destruction, will prove efficacious when the higher law of Christian charity has failed.

#### ST. LUDIMILLA.

THE programme last Saturday at the Crystal Palace was devoted to *St. Ludimilla*, an oratorio produced for the first time at the Leeds Festival this year. There will probably be no great divergence of opinion as to the merits and defects of Mr. Antonin Dvorak's latest and longest work. That it is, or at any rate appears, too long cannot be denied; for, in spite of the numerous and considerable cuts made last Saturday, the audience became impatient towards the end of the concert. The fact is that, notwithstanding its numerous beauties, the work lacks any sort of unity, and the hearer becomes confused and tired in endeavouring to find the thread which shall unite so much that is wavering and undecided in aim. It is really not an oratorio at all, though that would matter little enough had it a vital existence in any form, however new. But, to begin with, the sentiments treated vary through every shade of feeling, from the gravity of the ancient oratorios to the romantic exuberance of an operatic hunting chorus. The style, again, is no less piebald and inconsistent than the matter it deals with. Immense variety of sentiment may be welded together by the fusing power of a well-marked style, but M. Dvorak has given up the advantage which he possesses in his strongly personal manner for the dubious pleasure of imitating all sorts of composers. No wonder, then, that *St. Ludimilla* leaves an unsatisfactory feeling of confusion and aimlessness in the listener's mind. The libretto, moreover, is an unhappy choice. It is long-winded and wandering, and lacks the intention and conciseness of narrative or of dramatic action. It consists of three divisions. The first part takes place in the courtyard of the Castle of Melnik; nobles, priests, and people are assembled in the presence of the statue of Baba. Numerous choruses are sung, as well as solos by Ludimilla, a Husbandman, a Peasant, and, finally, by Ivan, who appears and breaks the statue whilst he proclaims the virtue of the Cross. The second treats of the wanderings of Ludimilla, who seeks Ivan in order to receive instruction in his faith. To them appears the Prince Bořivoj, accompanied by a chorus of huntsmen of a jovial character. He speedily becomes converted, and is at once affianced to Ludimilla. The third part takes place in the Cathedral of Velehrad, and deals solely with the baptism of Bořivoj and Ludimilla. It occupies the place of the final wind-up in the Italian opera. This is usually a quartet and chorus, in which, as Berlioz says, everybody shouts "*Felicità*" to all sorts of runs and arpeggios. In this case, however, it comprises a whole act, consisting of no less than ten numbers, of religious rejoicing. It is impossible to make any really fair and effective cut of sufficient length, as the musical plums are spread so evenly throughout.

There is a good deal that is noticeable in the long first part, which begins very much in the composer's wonted style. The earliest effort at something more solid and grandiose appears in the priest's choruses addressed to the ancient Bohemian gods. "Breaking day and dusky night" is the most original of these; it is occasionally very stern and imposing, especially in treatment of the *motif* on the words "Yet the life of man is but a dream." The contrapuntal writing and the musical effects in this chorus are quite of the composer's own invention. On the other hand, however, the subsequent one, "Triglav, who with threefold face," derives its inspiration entirely from Handel, and in a great measure from the "Hallelujah" chorus. "The Gods are ever near," another imitation of the great composer's "technique," entirely lacks his majestic stateliness of style. Here and there, too, in the first part we noticed in some of the melodies an occasional flavour of Haydn. Much, again, and especially the description of the arrival of Ivan, is conceived in Dvorak's peculiarly weird and original vein. The last chorus of the division is specially difficult and very highly elaborated; but Ludimilla's air, "I long with childlike longing," and the chorus, "Blossoms born," though enriched by ingenious and highly-coloured accompaniments, are based on somewhat commonplace melodic motives. Thus it will easily be seen that the first part contains no small assortment of different kinds of music, and the other divisions are in no way different. The second embraces great varieties of feeling and treatment. Romance and woodland terror occupy a considerable portion of it, and, though they are treated with power and ingenuity, the music is more fitted to such a cantata as the com-



poser's *Spectre Bride* than to the work in question. Too much vain picturesque noise prevails, as, for instance, in Ivan's air of greeting to Ludimilla, which surely ought to be in keeping with his sentiments. He may incidentally mention the terrors of the "gloomy forest" which she has just braved, but that is no sufficient ground for depicting them musically, more especially as it has been amply done before and will be done again. The hunting choruses, indeed, though unsuited to Oratorio, come when they are much needed; they bring gaiety and pleasant sounds to ears tired with long-continued rumbles and gloomy noises. Ludimilla, too, has a stately, sculptural, and recitative-like air which comes immediately before the concluding quartet and chorus as a welcome relief to the interminable tedium of the account of Borivoj's conversion. The close of the second part is one of the great successes of the oratorio; it has an irresistible *elan* of joy about it faintly suggestive of the choruses of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. In the third and concluding division, which is all too long, occurs another jewel, the duet "That hour" between Ludimilla and Borivoj. A lovely sensuousness in the intertwining of the voices in this melodious stream of song somewhat reminds us of Gounod. Some of the choruses, too, especially the finale, are remarkable, and this third part on the whole is very rich in variety of colour and sensuous effect.

Novello's choir deserve great credit for the way in which they rendered this long and difficult work. The solo parts also were admirably filled by Mesdames Annie Marriott and Hope-Glen, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley.

#### THE RECOVERY IN THE INDIAN EXCHANGES.

AT the beginning of August the India Council sold its bills upon India at 1s. 4½d. per rupee, and last Wednesday it sold them at somewhat over 1s. 5½d. per rupee, while since then it has sold at still higher prices. There has been a rise, therefore, in the three months of somewhat over three-halfpence per rupee, or more than nine per cent. Naturally opinions differ as to whether this is to be regarded as a mere fluctuation in a movement tending steadily downwards, or whether it is a general recovery from an exaggerated fall. The rate of exchange between any two countries depends under normal circumstances upon what is called "the balance of trade." For example, between two countries like the United Kingdom and the United States, which have the same standard of value, the rate of exchange depends upon whether the imports and the exports are or are not equal in value. If, for instance, the United States at any given time had bought more from the United Kingdom than they had sold, there would be a debt due from American merchants to British merchants, which would have in the last resort to be settled by shipping gold from New York. But American merchants would naturally try to avoid shipments of gold, because, in addition to paying the full sum due, they would have to pay likewise freight, insurance, and commission upon the gold shipped, and they would also have to stand out of the interest or use of their money while it was at sea. Therefore, in the circumstances supposed, American merchants would endeavour to buy bills upon London—bills, that is, drawn by American creditors upon houses in London owing money to them. Under the conditions supposed the Americans owe Englishmen more than Englishmen owe to Americans, and, consequently, the bills drawn upon London would not be equal to the demand on the part of those who wanted to remit money to London in order to pay their debts, but there would be a saving in paying, for those bills, anything between the sum due and the addition made by freight, insurance, and commission. Consequently, bills upon London would rise. Roughly, we may say that somewhat over four and three-quarters gold dollars are equal to a pound sterling. Therefore the value of the pound in gold dollars and cents would be quoted above its par value in the case imagined. And similarly, if the Americans had exported to this country more than they imported, the debt would be due then from England to the United States, and the exchange would fall. But where two countries have different standards of value another set of influences come into play. In India, for example, the standard of value is silver, while with us the standard of value is gold, and the rate of exchange between England and India, therefore, varies, not only, as in the case which we have just been examining, with the balance of trade, but also with the fluctuations in the value of silver and gold. Now, before the demonetization of silver by Germany, the rupee was worth very nearly two shillings of our money; then it fell rapidly to one and eightpence, and for some years it remained pretty steady about that point. Since, it has fallen again, and at one time this summer it went down nearly to one and fourpence. The exchange, therefore, between two countries with different standards of value is much more complicated than between two countries with the same standard of value; for not only is it affected by the balance of trade, but it is also affected by fluctuations in the value of either of the precious metals constituting the standards of value in the two countries.

During the current year there can be no reasonable doubt that both influences have been at work in regard to the Indian exchanges. But the main cause of the heavy fall would seem to have been the panic in silver. The American Government being in favour of stopping the coinage of silver, and the President when Congress met last year having recommended such a measure, there

was a general fear that the Bland Act might be repealed, and, in consequence, silver began to fall in value. When this occurred the manufacturers and merchants of Lancashire took alarm, and they negotiated with the Indian banks for the purpose of entering into contracts by which the banks were bound to remit money at a stated rate of exchange. As negotiations of this kind became more general the banks in turn became alarmed, and they quoted lower and lower figures. At last the fall was carried so far that all parties perceived they were playing a losing game, and the system of "fixing exchange forward," as it is called, came to an end. Then the exchange began to recover. At the same time the French Government began to buy silver largely. The general belief is that the silver is being bought for coining dollars in Tonquin; but in any case the French Government is buying, and this helped to raise the price of silver. There appears no doubt that, in addition to the mere panic excited by legislation for the repeal of the Bland Act, there are natural causes at work tending to reduce the price of silver. The consumption of silver has been greatly reduced within the past fifteen years, while the production of silver has been greatly increased; and, furthermore, the processes of extracting silver from the mines have been greatly improved, and the cost has been reduced. Lastly, the extension of railways in the United States and in Mexico has greatly diminished the cost of carrying the produce from the mines to the sea coast. Therefore silver can be sold more cheaply than formerly, while, its use being less, it is, of course, in less demand. Nevertheless, there appears no reason to believe that at present prices very large amounts of silver will be sold. For a while the silver-owners shared in the alarm of the rest of the world, and large amounts were sold at wonderfully low prices; but more recently little silver has been offered in the market, seeming to show that, except in the very richest mines, the present price is too low. One other cause combined to lower the exchanges earlier in the year and to raise them now. Experience shows that the value of the exports of all kinds from India must exceed by four or five millions of lakhs the value of the imports into India, if the exchanges are to be kept steady. Now, during the three years ended with June 1885, the value of the exports did not exceed that of the imports by the requisite amount, and this tended with the silver panic to send down exchanges. On the other hand, during the year ended with June last, the excess of the imports was very much greater than was requisite, and this tended to send up the exchanges. The balance of trade, in short, is now favourable to India, and consequently exchange tends to rise. Moreover, the reports show that the prospects of the new crops are highly favourable; while all the intelligence received from India is to the effect that the exports continue very large. This is the more remarkable because of the rise in the exchange, which, as stated above, is over nine per cent. within the last three months. At first sight one would suppose that, prices generally being as low now as they were a year ago, and the exchange having gone up so much, exports from India would be checked; but it is to be borne in mind that there has been a fall in freights almost equal to the rise in the exchange; and thus the Indian export trade has benefited in one direction almost as much as it has been injured in the other.

Very probably the rise is proceeding too rapidly just as the fall went on too rapidly a few months ago. If so, we may expect to see a temporary decline. But the probabilities are that, though there may be fluctuations, the rise will be maintained and possibly even may go further. India doing so large an export trade as she does at present, the balance of trade will be in her favour, and this acting steadily must tend to keep up the exchange; while there is no reason to suppose that silver can be produced in the requisite quantities at a much lower price than now is obtainable. It is true, of course, that the purchases of the French Government have sustained the silver market lately, and that those purchases may come to an end at any moment. But, on the other hand, the demands for silver of all kinds are constantly growing, and are almost indefinite; and, if purchasers of one kind cease, the probability is that for some other object a demand will arise. The cost of producing silver is, however, extremely difficult to determine. Some who ought to speak with authority assert that any amount required might be produced at a shilling an ounce; while others contend, with apparently equal authority, that the price at present is entirely too low; that the silver which is now being sold is simply silver raised from mines which are worked for the gold they contain, not for the silver; and that, whatever price was obtainable, the same amount of silver would be sold, but that purely silver mines cannot be worked below the present price. The extension of railways and improvements in mining processes undoubtedly have cheapened the cost of production, and may cheapen it still further; but those who assert that the present price is as low as silver-mining proper can be carried on at have this much to support them—that the production of silver has not increased as was expected. When Mr. Goschen's Silver Committee sat, there was a general expectation that the production of silver in the United States alone would exceed nine millions sterling a year. That amount in all the time that has since elapsed has never been reached; and, in fact, the increase in the production has not been large when compared with the vast extent of territory over which it is known that silver is to be found. It appears to follow from all this that the fall in silver has reached its limit, and that for a while at least the Indian exchanges will be governed almost entirely by the balance of trade. The balance of trade would tend to strengthen the exchange, since, as observed

above, the Indian export trade is constantly developing, were it not that it may be disturbed at any moment by an increase in the drawings of the India Council. For the last couple of years the India Council has drawn much less than it had been drawing for a couple of years previously, and, if it continues to draw less, there may be a further and material rise in the exchanges; but, on the other hand, if it increases its drawings largely, there is likely to be a decline in the exchanges. The main determining influence, then, would seem to be the amount of bills and telegraphic transfers which the India Council will draw in the near future.

## ART EXHIBITIONS.

MESSRS. HOLLENDER & CREMETTI are exhibiting in the midst of the Hanover Gallery one of those show-pictures which are generally to be seen alone in an artificial or concentrated light and surrounded with all the mystery of hangings and funereal darkness. Signor Enrico Crispi's "Lesson in Anatomy" is an acutely horrible picture, which would throw into the shade all Mr. Van Beer's praiseworthy efforts in that direction. It is indeed a very different thing from the dry and austere loftiness of the original "Lesson in Anatomy" by Rembrandt. Everything has been so arranged as to obtain the utmost harvest of morbid pathos which such a scene can yield. The artist has carefully avoided the grotesque or sickening result which so often comes from forcing certain points in this sort of work. He has not attempted to score off oceans of blood, as so many Frenchmen would have done, nor has he insisted on the form or expression of telling details, with the wiry particularity of many German and Flemish artists. He has relied wholly on the touching effect of the general aspect of the scene, and for this reason his treatment is realistic mainly as regards illumination. The cold, grey, diffused daylight of a large room floods everything and drowns all unimportant distinctions of colour and form. The half-naked girl lying on the smooth slab, with her warm skin and a profusion of golden hair, is the most conspicuous mass in the picture. The table, the walls, and the doctor's clothes scarcely relieve at all; and the hands and faces of the operators are alone clearly detached from the enveloping atmosphere. Their demeanour is grave and kindly, and the horror of the picture lies only in the sight of so much beauty and warmth abandoned to science in the midst of the cold grey of this unsympathetic environment. Every accessory which, if too much dwelt upon, might weaken the force of this main contrast is swamped, but not too obviously, by the action of the light. The interest of the picture springs, therefore, chiefly from the naturalness of the realization, though not from careful or intimate observation of small facts. This broad and effective construction, which enables you to live in the scene and yet spares you gruesome or conflicting details, is unquestionably the great merit of the picture. Not unnaturally the attendant defect is a certain woolly indecision of touch which renders the construction even of the most important objects too vague.

Exhibitions of the work of one man, unless he may have attained a world-wide reputation, are generally advertised under the pretext of illustrating some subject. Two such shows at present open deal, the one with India, the other with Petrarch's country in the South of France. The latter set of sketches, to be seen at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, is the work of Mr. John Fulleylove. The greater number of these are drawn in water-colours, others in pen and ink or pencil, and a few in black and white monochrome. A certain classic feeling pervades most of them, due in part to the character of the subjects and in part to Mr. Fulleylove's sense of style. He is remarkable rather for his agreeable and picturesque arrangement of scenes than for strong technique or a vivid realistic representation. As an illustrator he will be found a success, if we examine the impression produced by his whole work. He conjures up a certain mood in which he makes us regard the country by a skillful choice and decorative use of its most characteristic elements. Taken each by each, many of his sketches will be found shallow in technique and unsatisfactory on the realistic side as pictures. Here and there, however, we come across a work of more consistency and force. One of the best is "Narbonne; Cathedral and Hôtel de Ville" (15). A pleasing sense of unity pervades this picture, its tonal relations are true, and the local colours are duly subjected to the influence of the cool but sunny atmosphere. The Cathedral and other buildings are delicately yet firmly drawn, and the amount of definition given to the various groups of washerwomen on the river banks corresponds with nicety to their different distances from the eye. "Carcassonne; Fountain" (44), a simple and agreeably coloured little sketch, shows less labour and less preoccupation about truth. Though unobtrusive in subject, "Orange; Diligence" (55) arrests the eye by a straightforward directness of workmanship and a pleasing disposition of colour. "Arles; Arena" (39) and "Aigues Mortes" (16) are examples of Mr. Fulleylove's best style; the same classic breadth of treatment may also be seen in the black and white "Nîmes; Roman Baths" (34). "Avignon" (23) and "Arles" (56) are fresh and aerial water-colours. The flimsiness and falseness which occasionally mar his work are conspicuous, for instance, in the feeble foreground and shallow tone of "Lyons" (65). Mr. Fulleylove uses the pencil freely, with great suggestiveness, and to better purpose, than the pen. "Marseilles" (71) and "Toulouse" (43) may be mentioned as fair specimens of his pencil-work.

At the Burlington Gallery Mr. Walter Duncan illustrates with more than a hundred and fifty water-colours the scenery, architecture, costumes, and manners of India. His work makes no pretension to high art, but his technique is equal to the requirements of the task he has undertaken. It is at least rapid, summary, and effective; qualities much needed in making notes of every kind of costume and every variety of effect. In fact, we have here fair handling, good arrangement, suggestive illustration, and an enormous variety of subject. "The Minarets of Arungzebe" (107) is one of the most striking of the architectural sketches, and it is by no means lacking in artistic merit. In many of these rapid studies crowds of figures and jumbles of boats have been rendered with some artistic freedom and considerable vigour. "A Banyan-tree" (152) may be taken as an example of the landscape treatment, and, although not a high class of work, it possesses the very necessary merit of breadth. Of figure pictures, "Study of a Hindu Girl" (46) is the most pleasing in colour, and the most careful in workmanship.

## RICHTER CONCERTS.

THE third and last of the autumn series of Richter Concerts was perhaps the most perfect in execution which has been hitherto heard in St. James's Hall. The first number in a programme of singular beauty was the Overture to *Tannhäuser*, of which the "Venusberg" portion was admirably played, every nuance of the score being delicately and justly dealt with. The opening was a trifle lacking in firmness and solemnity, but the orchestra soon warmed to their work, and ended by giving an exceptionally fine rendering of the work before them. Brahms's Rhapsody (Op. 53) followed—a work, like many others of the same composers, which comes so near to those which possess the ring of genuine inspiration that it is difficult to give it any well-defined place in the list of modern musical compositions. It was not—to put it in the mildest way—an altogether hopeful task to do three stanzas of Goethe's *Hartweil im Winter* into music, and it seems to us that the result obtained hardly justifies the composer for his temerity. The solo appears rather gloomy and colourless, and this in spite of the thoroughly artistic singing of Miss Lena Little, who may always be trusted to do the best that can be done for her composer. The orchestral accompaniment is a marvel of skill, which perhaps makes itself too prominently felt. The chorus which follows shows more genuine feeling, and was excellently sung. The selection from the *Nibelungen* which followed is the joint production of Wagner and Dr. Richter, and it is needless to say shows sound judgment throughout. It is mainly composed of motives from *Siegfried* and the *Götterdämmerung*, and begins with the exquisite music description of Siegfried's journey to seek Brünnhilde. The motives show how, guided by a bird's song, and passing through the fire which surrounds the mountain, he finds and awakens Brünnhilde, wins her love, and leaves her at dawn to pass once more through the fire to the Rhine—the whole ending with the magnificent "Walhall" motive from the *Rheingold*. So marvellously are these various themes welded together, that the absence of the duet between Siegfried and Brünnhilde is but little felt, yet such omissions must of necessity make one long the more for the far more artistic practice of giving acts from Wagner's operas in their entirety. The concert was brought to a close by a most careful and delicate interpretation of the Ninth Symphony—by far the most careful and refined reading of the score which Dr. Richter has hitherto achieved in London. The fact that the chorus was far below its usual strength seemed to act powerfully in the achievement of a satisfactory rendering of the last movement, and seems to bear out the judgment of another great conductor in keeping the voices somewhat subordinate to the orchestra throughout this most trying of all ordeals for orchestra and voices.

## AN APPEAL AND A REPLY.

## THE APPEAL.

KITANCHEFF, Caltchoff, Stoyanoff, and Tontcheff,  
Deputies four Bulgarian, invoke  
Him who once forth so gloriously shone, chief  
Chosen of Heaven to redeem us from the yoke.

Good Mr. Gladstone! Wherefore are you silent?  
Why has that voice so powerfully raised  
Once for our race, not a solitary cry lent  
Now to the cause of the people that you praised?

Grave is the crisis, arrogant the Kaulbars,  
Hard is the road towards freedom which a Czar  
'Gainst our advance with his autocratic scowl bars,  
Ugly all round our circumstances are.

Everything, therefore, indicates a season  
Most opportune for your pleadings to be heard;  
None can deny we have admirable reason  
Just to entreat one sympathetic word.

Will you not save our threatened independence?  
Russia reveres you; Russia will retreat.  
Haste, then, and drive from the country you befriended hence  
Those whose attempt is to bring her to their feet.



Have you not warned Great Powers other lands off?  
Can we forget that messenger you sent  
(One of ourselves, his name, we think, was Handsoff)  
Straight to Vienna to bid Austria repent?

Send then, O send, that wonder-working agent,  
Set him at Kaulbars, tell him what to say  
Gently to the General to moderate his rage hint;  
Help him pack his traps up, and take himself away.

Speak! we proclaim you, as in days bygone, chief  
Chosen of Heaven to protect us from the foe;  
Whereunto witness the signatures of Tontcheff,  
Kitancheff, Caltchoff, Stoyanoff, below.

#### THE ANSWER.

Stoyanoff, Tontcheff, Kitancheff, and Caltchoff,  
Flattered indeed with your homage should I be  
(Though to such heights as a pagan might exalt Jove  
You, it would seem, are for elevating me).

Austria, true, certain independent lands off  
Once did I warn; but it's right that you should know,  
He whom you style my wonder-working Handsoff  
Took the name of Pensiondoff many years ago.

Still, your complaint is that, if it has your lot been  
Never thus far to the Muscovite to bow,  
Thanks none to me 'tis; since my voice has not been  
Raised in your cause—well, you shall hear it now.

Boldly I say then, Russia should relax her  
Grip; her little hands—see Dr. Watts's hymn.  
Naughty, naughty Kaulbars! you should hurry back, sir,  
Home, or the late Czar's glory you will dim.

Deputies, there now! How is that for fearless?  
Have I not raised that voice for which you call?  
No? Not enough? Your visages are cheerless—  
Raising my voice, then, means that I'm to *bawl*!

Agitate, write, in renewal of the glories  
Won in the days when I Beaconsfield withstood?  
What should I gain? Why, a "ditto" from the Tories,  
Salisbury's thanks—what on earth would be the good?

Deputies, no, then! Speech would be my duty  
Only if English parties disagreed,  
Then would I back you stoutly—that's the beauty,  
Don't you perceive, of the English party creed?

Yes; but to stomp my country for the Bulgar  
Just at this moment—such a time to choose  
That would be—well, at the risk of seeming vulgar,  
What's your native idiom for "another pair of shoes"?

## REVIEWS.

### EARLY LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE.\*

IT cannot be doubted that the greater part of the letters contained in the present collection were eminently well worth publishing, and that they throw much light of a very wholesome kind upon some years of Carlyle's life which hitherto have not been sufficiently elucidated, notwithstanding the voluminous correspondence already given to the public. But many of the domestic letters might surely have been withheld with advantage; and the earlier letters to Jane Welsh are constrained and slightly pedantic, as indeed might have been expected considering the mutual relations of tutor and pupil which subsisted between the peasant-born Carlyle and the young lady to whom they were addressed. Yet there is always something in every letter which one would be more or less sorry to have lost if it had not been retained; and it is easy to appreciate the feelings of such an editor as Professor Norton when engaged in deciding what ought and what ought not to be printed. They would naturally incline towards publication rather than towards suppression, and the final decision in cases of hesitation would be pretty sure to be given in favour of the former. Professor Norton is alive to the sameness in tone and topics of the family letters, but rightly enough considers that they help to illustrate Carlyle's character during an important period in his intellectual growth. Whether they were wanted to exhibit, as is claimed for them, the simpler side of Scottish life, is not so obvious, for plenty of materials were already accessible for that purpose. But all the letters are valuable to show the sort of training through which Carlyle was passing in his days of studentship in Edinburgh. Nearly all the letters now given are new, but the cases are not always noted in which some have been already used, wholly or in part, by Mr. Froude. The advice given to his brother on the choice of books to read, and on the course of study to be followed by him, indicates what

he was about himself, and displays his own ardent thirst for knowledge and the extent to which it was being gratified. Wavering as he was in the selection of a future profession, at one time thinking of the ministry of the Scottish Kirk, at another of law or medicine, he was induced to make some acquaintance with all the variety of subjects, with greater or less application, which would have been practically useful to him if he had seriously pursued any one of them. Of mathematics, too, he had to know something, both to qualify himself to earn money by teaching them, and, for the same reason, to enable him to translate and write for Brewster. The necessity of working for a definite actual object—such as that of qualifying himself for a profession—seems always to have been repulsive; and in mathematics he confesses the difficulties encountered by him in attempting to master Newton. Law, however, was renounced as being a shapeless mass of absurdity and chicanery; teaching and preaching were forsworn; and, at the age of twenty-five, he thought himself too old to begin a new profession, and he left Edinburgh to fling himself into the solitude of Mainhill. Indeed, it does not seem very probable that with his peculiar temperament, physical and intellectual, he could ever have succeeded in professional life. From the beginning the desire of acquiring fame by literary distinction was the passion which ruled his studies and shaped his career; he was determined to make the doors of human society fly open before him. Yet, if matters could have been so ordered, it would probably have turned out that even his literary work might have been better done, and certainly might have been achieved with more of ease and comfort to himself, if it had been accompanied by some daily necessary task, of immediate usefulness, and not of his own choice. The flights of his Pegasus would have soared none the less loftily if he had been put sometimes into harness for ordinary labour. His bodily health for many years required for its maintenance a daily spell of regular horse exercise, and the constancy of his mental vigour and its soundness might perhaps have been secured by some corresponding function. No man ever had a larger proportion of that faculty which, being very uncommon, is yet only known by the name of common sense. His judgment was excellent when not distorted by prejudices which would have been cleared away by a closer conversance with real affairs in any post of responsibility. Above all, he had a rare sense of humour, the surest corrective of principles carried to extremities. But he had a wayward disinclination to run in any of the regular grooves of conventional life, which grew more and more confirmed as it was indulged. If Carlyle had been forced to act and do more, and to turn his thoughts inwards less continuously, his protests against the evils and wrongs of the world might have been accompanied by practical suggestions and efforts towards amendment instead of being, as they were, mere wails of discontent, followed by no action or definite counsel to others how to act.

Professor Norton declares that he has with much reluctance opened the parcels placed in his hands containing the letters which passed between Carlyle and Jane Welsh in the years before their marriage, considering them to be generally of a character too private and sacred to be printed. But a few of them appear in his volumes, notwithstanding Carlyle's written injunction that, if found, they should be burned unread. The excuse for his own disobedience of this command is that their significance has been distorted by Mr. Froude and an incorrect view taken of the relations between Carlyle and the lady. He says that to show completely the deviation of Mr. Froude's narrative from the truth, the story would have to be rewritten and letters published which are too sacred to be disclosed to the general gaze. Carlyle's niece, too, in a letter recently sent to the *Times*, writes as if it was in contemplation to bring out a corrected version of the "Reminiscences"; and Professor Norton seems to hint that in the future there may be another formal biography. So that, for the present at least, it is clear that the materials which would be necessary to try all the charges of misstatement and inaccuracy made against Mr. Froude are not fully before the public. On the general question, however, of the very grave error in judgment committed by him in so precipitately rushing into the publication of what he believed had been left to his discretion, without consulting any other of Carlyle's friends, when Dr. Carlyle and Mr. Forster were dead, one opinion only can be entertained; and to support this no further evidence is required.

Carlyle's letters to his friend Mitchell and to his brother John show the varied extent of his own reading and his ability to give sound counsel to them upon theirs. But the disposition to depreciate and demolish rather than to maintain and construct is seen in them. Writing of Homer, he says that Meonides has had his day, that Cudworth and Kant have obscured the fame of Plato, and that the Stagirite and his idle spawn have been swept away by Bacon, himself to be swept away in his turn. He even delights in the thought of the wasting forces of Nature, and that some day Mont Blanc may cease to be the pinnacle of Europe, and that Chimborazo may lie under the Pacific. In another passage where Kant is mentioned he begs his friend Mitchell not to fear that he will lead him into the mazes of Kantism, knowing that he has a limited relish for such mysteries, and adds, "As to Kant and Schelling and Fichte and all those worthies, I confess myself but an esoteric after all," where one cannot but suppose that he must have written, or meant to have written, *exoteric*, which seems to be required to express his meaning, and not its converse, as employed.

The germ of the *Life of Cromwell* appears in a letter written in 1822, in which Carlyle mentions his purpose to attempt an essay

\* *Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle*. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

on the Civil Wars and Commonwealth, with portraits of Oliver, Laud, Fox, Milton, Hyde, and the other foremost actors in the history of the time. From the moment his aspirations were turned to its attainment, his standard of literary excellence was a high and noble one. He says:—"If I can but finish it according to my own conception . . . I shall feel much happier than if I had inherited much gold and silver." But independence is pushed to the verge of arrogance when he adds:—"The critics, too, may say of it either nothing or anything, according to their own good pleasure; if it once please my own mighty self, I do not value them or their opinion a single rush." In this conscientious difficulty to please himself, and this scornful contempt for the opinion of others, lay the root of the future pangs and troubles of authorship which, combined with the physical annoyances of his ever-mutinuous digestion, rendered existence almost unendurable. Of all this Carlyle was himself aware, and he writes to his brother John on the question of his embracing some profession:—

I can tell you from experience that it is a sad thing for a man to have his bread to gain in the miscellaneous fashion which circumstances have in some degree forced me into; and I cannot help seeing that with half the expense, and one-tenth of the labour which I have incurred, I might at this time have been enjoying the comforts of some solid and fixed establishment in one of the regular departments of exertion, had I been lucky enough to have entered upon any one of them.

These are words to be deeply pondered on by any one who meditates a career of purely literary labour, but they suggest the question, where would have been the enjoyment and instruction given to thousands of readers by Carlyle's writings if he himself had been enjoying some well-littered and well-fed stall in life, instead of battling in discomfort with some of its worst evils in order to sate his passion for fame and distinction, as he actually did? Later on in the same letter his constant tone of elevation is shown in the advice given to his brother not to be content to become an ordinary practitioner of medicine, but to look forward to bringing to bear upon his own science a mind improved by literature and science in general, and not to be merely content with a mechanical skill in his own trade, but to regard a pervading refinement of character and a superiority of intellectual and moral deportment as an essential part of true respectability in life. For such popular fame as was won by Edward Irving upon his first appearance as a preacher in London had no attraction for Carlyle; he speaks of it as a blessing little worth coveting, and says that "The best and richest part of the most famous man's renown is the esteem he is held in by those who see him daily in his goings out and comings in, by his friends and relations and those that love himself more than his qualities; and this every one of us may gain without straying into the thorny paths which guide to glory either in the region of arts or of arms." Again, in one of the letters to Jane Welsh, her inordinate love of fame is lamented. The opportunity now afforded under Professor Norton's editorship of reading the present instalment of Carlyle's letters offers incontestable proof of how well Carlyle himself was entitled to engage the esteem of those who really knew him the most and who were duly fitted to receive the right impressions to be gained by a study of his wonderfully complex character. That character is now exhibited at its best; and it has not previously been displayed to such fair advantage. One of the most beautiful letters now printed is one in which Carlyle describes his feelings on seeing for the first time the dome of St. Paul's rising in all its solemnity and with all its meanings and suggestions from out of and above the crowded and noisy thoroughfares of busy London.

#### SIX STORIES.\*

NEVER did poverty collect such a number of totally dissimilar bedfellows as chance has brought together in the tales to be reviewed in this article. There is the manly historical novel, with careful attention to local colour; there is the lineal descendant of Miss Yonge's stories, and one that claims the *Water Babies* for its ancestor. There is the domestic American love story; the labouring, facetious skit; the transparently sensational drama, and the tale with a moral. But four out of the six are distinctly good of their kind; and one may even claim the extraordinary merit of being well illustrated.

*Duke's Winton* deals with the neighbourhood and battle of Sedgemoor, and is written by one who knows the country well. The period is comparatively unhackneyed in literature, and Mr. Henslowe is wise enough to meddle with historical personages as little as possible. His fictitious characters are treated with spirit, and differ sufficiently in their natures to provide the reader with fresh subjects of interest. The ingrained coquetry of Temperance, the beautiful Mistress Ashbridge, who, in spite of her sincere de-

votion to Monmouth's fugitive follower, Humphrey Braden, cannot help flirting with every man that crosses her path, contrasts sharply with the quiet, hopeless love of her sister Pernel for one of Temperance's many adorers. The few scenes which describe the interior of the Court and the Council-chamber are more life-like and probable than usual; and Claverhouse is a picturesque and sympathetic figure on any canvas. We must, however, disagree with Mr. Henslowe as to the "gentleness" of James I. and the "indefinable charm" of James II. The few who remained loyal to him—and these were chiefly Scotch—had never come into personal contact with him, and the loyalty was to his race and not to himself. Had this been otherwise, his adherents would not have melted away as they did on the first approach of the Dutch invaders. Charles II. evidently knew his brother better, and gauged his popularity when he remarked, "They will never kill me to make you king." It might also be as well to point out that "he lived a century too late, did Eustace," is not an elegant form of construction, and that, as far as we know, lilacs, dog-roses, dark bluebells, and anemones are not all blossoming together in June.

Miss Corkran's story has something pathetic about it, in spite of the stern moral purpose that pervades it. The heroine, Kitty, who, in spite of much thoughtlessness and selfishness, loves her little brother not wisely but too well, and wakes him up in a critical moment of his illness that she may tell him how much she had wanted him, is a young person that is tolerably familiar to every one. It is her dream-adventures, first with those of her kind in Naughty Children Land, and then in Punishment Land, with the toilsome journey home through a lonely wood, that make up the story. In spite of the stern old ladies who suggest a double edition of Mrs. Be-Done-By-As-You-Did, and who snatch up the naughty children under their arms and carry them off to Punishment Land, Miss Corkran shows considerable ingenuity in the invention of new chastisements. Here she is greatly helped by Mr. Gordon Browne, who, unlike most illustrators, has carefully studied his text. There is a capital picture of the selfish children turning into ice-blocks, and of the vain children cowering in weariness and terror from the endless repetitions of their own faces, at which they had formerly gazed with such pleasure. The snares which beset Kitty on her way home were all childish temptations, too—a desire to linger in beautiful gardens, to eat delicious fruit, or to stop to dance or play, and Kitty yields to each as it comes, and hardly comes off victorious. *Down the Snow Stairs* ought to be a popular Christmas book both with mothers and children, for it is calculated to make children think, without boring them or wearying them.

As far as we are aware, Miss Dunning's name is new to English readers, but we hope it will not remain so long. She contrives to tell a very unobtrusive story with interest and charm, and lets her characters display themselves without perpetual reference to the workings of their minds or their emotions. *The Step Aside* was a very natural and human step to take. It was the pleasure taken by a refined girl of French extraction, living in a cheap boarding-house and teaching at a school, in the beauties and luxuries that fell accidentally in her way, and caused her for a while to forget her struggling lover. Miss Dunning has contrived cleverly that all the while Pauline Valrey should apparently have right and reason on her side in refusing to marry Hugh Langmuir while his mother and sister are dependent on him, till at last she drives him to such desperation that he uses his employer's money for speculation, and then tries to commit suicide in his shame. After this things right themselves as well as they can in this world, while people have memories to keep their past alive, and Pauline consents to begin her married life with a husband in weak health and no employment. This is hardly a moral for universal application, or financial distress would be even greater than it is at present; but Miss Dunning has enlisted our sympathies with her hero, and made us feel virtuously indignant at Pauline Valrey for declining to face existence in New York on 1,600 dollars a year. The style of the book is good, and, though the story is in itself a serious one, it is enlivened here and there by touches of the humour that is the property of all mankind, and not the variety exclusively known as "American."

Miss Green has managed in *The Eversley Secrets* to draw a virtuous little boy who is not a prig, though she has not been able to refrain from the *vieux truc* of stretching her hero at the last upon a bed of sickness, the result of being shot accidentally while endeavouring to stop his elder brother from poaching. Whichever way we look at it, the story perfectly teems with morals; but the most sensible as well as the most obvious seems to be the dire effects of what is known in modern children's books as "the training of love." As far as can be inferred from the consequences, this much-vaunted "love" consists in giving children their own way, and never correcting them otherwise than by reproachful looks. Miss Green, with more honesty than most lady-novelists, tacitly confesses the failure of this system, though she is wrong in one particular. In general, as soon as the influence of "love" is removed, the children behave a great deal better; but Miss Green's young people no sooner say good-bye for three months to Love in the person of their mother than their conduct grows infinitely worse. Still, Miss Green understands children, and the scrapes of the young Eversleys are not only natural in themselves, but come about in a natural way. The "secrets" refer to the birthday present which each child was to make for its mother on her return from America, but only two of them get finished satisfactorily. The youngest of the family contributes a "History

\* *Duke's Winton*. By J. R. Henslowe. London: J. and R. Maxwell. 1886.

*Down the Snow Stairs*. By Alice Corkran. London: Blackie & Son. 1886.

*A Step Aside*. By Charlotte Dunning. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1886.

*The Eversley Secrets*. By E. Everett Green. London: Blackie & Son. 1886.

*The Syren*. By Cecil Medlicott. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1886.

*Twice Married*. By James Carton. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1886.



of Charles I., as written by his faithful Cat Requiescat," and Roy, the good boy, carves an oak box after a design of his own. The book is far more wholesome than many that are constantly put into children's hands, though perhaps some of the religious discussions might have been omitted with advantage.

Seldom, indeed, has a more thoroughly unpleasant character been drawn than that of Arthur Dalrymple, the hero of *The Syren*. Fortune-hunters are as common as blackberries both in real life and in fiction, but it is to be hoped that even a man who marries for money occasionally behaves like a gentleman to the woman who gives it to him. Mr. Dalrymple habitually conducts himself like a spoiled child in a temper; insults his wife, sneers at her, neglects her, and finally has a handsome second-rate young woman in the house, to whom he makes love all day long. Mrs. Dalrymple is depicted as an angel of beauty and goodness, who adores the snob she has married in spite of everything. She must, however, have been singularly wanting in perception not to notice what was going on under her very eyes, and greatly lacking in instinct as well as knowledge of the world not to know that it is generally not considered desirable for a young married lady to have a young male cousin perpetually hanging round in her husband's absence, even if he is the agent. This fact is somewhat late in dawning on the mind of the gentleman, but Mrs. Dalrymple's modesty is so great that she is always reproaching her cousin for leaving her so much alone, and frustrating all his efforts to keep out of her way. We are not certain whether the "Syren" alluded to in the title refers to the second-rate damsel, who lures Mr. Dalrymple from his home and his wife, or to the yacht of the same name in which he accompanies her and her brother and a set of vulgar friends round the world, or, rather, as far as Ceylon, when he begins to discover the superiority of his wife, and returns humbly to melt slowly the wall of ice which seems to have grown up round her. Needless to say that in the end he succeeds; they discover that the mutual indifference is only apparent, and the curtain falls. There is little or nothing to be said for *The Syren*. The book is as unattractive as its hero, the characters are absurd, and the perpetual love scenes between Arthur Dalrymple and Helen Lysaght—who is not meant to be a bad girl—are unpleasant.

*Twice Married* reads like the transparent effort of a very young child to write a novel. Even without the title, every one knows what has happened when an excellent husband of many years' standing, known to be a widower when he re-married, receives a letter, and sits with his head in his hands. It is impossible to take any interest either in the plot or the characters, which are of the most commonplace description. Nor can anything be said for the taste of a book in which an undergraduate describes a garden-party in the Oxford of the present day, where "the Misses Dean were awful duffers," and "the portly Dean, in a much strained and very greasy waistcoat, beamed upon them in their games, and quoted Latin phrases presumably in reference to Roman tennis, but which nobody quite understood, and everybody had to laugh at by way of approbation. Then Mrs. Dean herself, very stately and imperious, like the Queen opening Parliament, served out little commons of cake and tea, which they (the undergraduates) had to carry about to refresh the exhausted Helena and May and the equally uninteresting bevy of parsons' daughters invited to meet them." No further specimen of the character of the book need be given.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE OXFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY,  
VI. & VII.\*

ALTHOUGH the story of the resistance offered by the Fellows of Magdalen College to the arbitrary proceedings of James II. has been told at some length by Macaulay, the records of the dispute well deserve careful study, and all the labour that has been spent upon them by the Oxford Historical Society. The volume before us, *Magdalen College and James II.*, contains a large number of original documents collected and edited with praiseworthy diligence, along with many extracts from printed books. The Introduction by the Rev. H. R. Bramley, gives an excellent summary of the story, and Mr. Madan has added a bibliography and some other apparatus. It is interesting to find that there is some reason to believe that the petition delivered by the Fellows to the Earl of Sunderland, after the issue of the recommendation in favour of Farmer, and before the election of Hough, was not presented to the King until after the election. In a conversation with the Vice-Chancellor, James "aggravated the undutifulness of the Fellows in not laying their case before him before proceeding to an election," and when the Vice-Chancellor said that he had heard that they had done so, the King answered, "Ay, after the election was over." Legally, the weak point in the Fellows' case was that the College had on sundry occasions obeyed the recommendations of the Crown, and had dispensed with an election; and each precedent that seemed to favour the King's claim by prescription was investigated in order to prove that it differed from the question then in dispute, either in special circumstances or in the statutable qualification of the person recommended. Farmer's pretensions were set aside by the Commissioners on account of his vile character; and it is worthy of notice that Macaulay, while

doing full justice to the overbearing behaviour of Jeffries towards Dr. Fairfax, omits to mention his conduct in this matter, though both are to be found in the same place. The manner in which the charges against the King's nominee were received is described by Sherwin, a Bedell of the University:—

My Lord Chancellor heard all their evidence against Farmer very calmly, and when some of the managers of his side would have produced something by way of criminating, he told them that he would hear nothing, unless they could by any substantial proof invalidate anything that had been said. . . . The conclusion was that my Lord Chancellor told Farmer that that Court looked on him as a very bad man.—P. 79.

Even Jeffries now and then acted righteously. The next move on the part of the Crown, the issue of a mandate for the admission of Parker, Bishop of Oxford, as President was met by the Fellows with the answer that "they humbly conceived the place of President to be full." Mr. Bramley calls attention to the plan of action adopted by the King, which was to treat the College as the municipal corporations had been treated in the last reign, and to compel submission through fear of a writ of *Quo warranto*. Macaulay's representation of Penn as acting in the King's interest is borne out by the whole tenour of Hough's letter describing the Windsor interview. When in the presence of the Commissioners Hough made his appeal to "the King in his Courts of Justice," the "Strangers and young Scholars in the Room gave a Hum," which greatly annoyed the Commissioners, and called forth a proclamation from the Vice-Chancellor warning all scholars "ut ab omnibus illiberalibus dietis, annis, pedum suppositione, male feriatarum et turbinum cachinno, screatu, clamore et murmure importuniorum penitus abstineant." The story of the smith who would not force the door of the President's lodgings is given from the *Impartial Relation*. "My lord," said the tipstaff who had been sent to fetch him, "I had got a Smith, and he came down the cloisters as far as almost hither. I did but turn my back, when he ran out as fast as he could at the back Gate." Along with "the famous Dr. Fairfax," who from the first never swerved from his refusal to yield to the King's demands, should be remembered Gardiner, the under-porter; for he was not less staunch, and he, too, in his degree suffered equally with his betters. Most to be pitied of all concerned was Dr. Smith, called Rabbi or Tograi, and, from his conduct in this dispute, most unjustly Roguery Smith, who tried to reconcile his principles of absolute submission to the Crown with his loyalty to the Church. The Roman Catholic Fellows intruded by the King found the Demies hard to deal with. While carefully obeying all the statutes of the College, they refused to own any authority but that of Dr. Hough, their expelled President; they would not "cap" the new Fellows; when their names were crossed at the Buttery, they took off the crosses; and one, a Master of Arts, was accused of tearing the Buttery book and "throwing bread about." At last they were expelled, as the rightful Fellows had been before them, and Roman Catholic Demies were admitted by royal mandates. The Bishop of Oxford suffered for his treachery to the Church; he yielded to these and other like mandates with an uneasy conscience, and before he died declared that the King had deceived him. For some six months after his death the College was wholly in the hands of the Roman Catholics, until almost on the eve of the arrival of the Prince of Orange the intruders, among whom was John Dryden, the second son of the poet, had notice to quit, and Dr. Hough and the rest were reinstated, "the bells ringing all day and at night great numbers of bonfires." The Oxford Historical Society has done well in printing these records, which give a delightful picture of the memorable stand made by a few unselfish and loyal men in a quarrel that deeply concerned the liberties of the Church and nation.

Concurrently with the Magdalen College documents, the Society has brought out a second volume of Mr. Doble's edition of Hearne's Collections, which carries the work from March 20, 1707, to May 23, 1710. Hearne's correspondence occupies a far larger space than in the first volume; the abstracts of the letters are admirably written, and are little, if at all, inferior in value to the Diaries themselves. The editorial notes are just what they should be; they explain and illustrate the text briefly and unostentatiously, and with an amount of learning that demands the fullest acknowledgment. Moreover, in addition to this, they refer the reader who may be in search of information on some special point to all the best authorities on the subjects with which they deal, and thus many of them contain brief and at the same time elaborate bibliographies which other students of the same period will find of the greatest assistance. While much illustrative matter has been obtained from those vast manuscript repositories, the Rawlinson Collections and the Ballard Letters, the latest publications have also been consulted, and in one case (p. 407), the defects in an article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* are unobtrusively corrected. Among the miscellaneous contents of the Diaries and Letters given in this volume are several notices of events in Hearne's own life. He records, for example, how he never received the money due to him from the Delegates of the Press for making and correcting the index to Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, apparently through the spite of the Vice-Chancellor, "that old, hypocritical, ambitious, drunken sot, Will. Lancaster"; how he tried to obtain the office of "Superior Beadle," but declined the election in favour of another candidate, and how he stood for it the next year and was defeated. An amusing account is given of his quarrel with Charlett, the Master of University, who was highly offended with Hearne because he had edited Spelman's *Life of*

\* *Magdalen College and James II.* By J. R. Bloxam. *Hearne's Collections.* Vol. II. 1707-10. By C. E. Doble. Oxford Historical Society. 1886.

Alfred without asking his leave. "After all he said King Alfred was their Founder and y' twas a great Affront upon him and the rest of University College for me to undertake the Publication of his Life." The real cause of his anger seems to have been that Hearne kept the original dedication of the book to Charles II. without adding one to him. Charlett was a vain man and a bitter enemy, and did not forget the offence. Before long Hearne, though as it seems through no fault of his own, made another powerful enemy by refusing to obey an illegal order of the Vice-Chancellor. Only a few passages relate to public affairs. A letter written by Lord Raby contains a description of Charles XII., "the Gothick Hero dreaded and courted by all y' powers of Europe," and some remarks are made on the battle of Malplaquet, "the most direfull Battle to England that has yet happened." The Sacheverell case naturally moved Hearne deeply, though he disliked and despised the Doctor as "a man of much noise and little sincerity." One of his most constant correspondents was Dr. Smith, who had been conspicuous in the Magdalen College controversy, and had lost his fellowship as a Non-juror, and the entry of his death is accompanied by a warm eulogy on this "undaunted Confessor of the poor, distressed, and afflicted Church of England." Other prominent Nonjurors frequently appear in these diaries; and an entry of special interest records the return of Dodwell, Cherry, and the rest of the Shottesbrooke party to communion with the Church, "the Schism therefore being closed," Hearne writes on March 2, 1710, and has to add a note in 1732, "I did not know then that the Non-juring Bishops continued their Succession." Some light is thrown on the domestic affairs of the colleges. At Trinity, for example, a serious quarrel seems to have arisen from the expulsion of a gentleman-commoner "only because he made some little observations (not fit to be taken notice of in such a manner by men of manly sense) upon some of y' Fellows Miscarriages," or, according to another account, because he laughed loudly in chapel "at the time of Divinity Disputations" and "kick'd at the Cat of Thomas Hasker, Clerk and Bursar of the said Coll., which Cat (as it was said) ran afterwards into the Chapell." The picture the Diaries present of daily life in the University; of its jealousies, squabbles, and politics; and of the earnest, self-denying pursuit of knowledge on the part of a few of its members, and, above all, of the "Relater" himself, is full and vivid. With this, too, is a mass of bibliographical information, among which Hearne's notes on the editions of Chaucer deserve special mention, and many archaeological disquisitions. It is impossible in the space at present at our disposal to do more than thus briefly indicate how various, charming, and valuable these Collections are, and to own the debt that we owe to Mr. Dobie's industry and learning.

### THREE NOVELS.\*

IN the first chapter of Lady Constance Howard's novel we are introduced to the Prince, a puppet of the name of Guy Segrave, whose claims on royalty are, of course, purely metaphorical. This person befriends an extremely undesirable damsel, who has left her home to join him, without his connivance. The situation, and indeed the entire contents of the three volumes, with all their vain repetitions, are summed up in a striking apostrophe thus:—"In the days to come, Guy, poor fellow! how you will long and pray for your pitiless chains to be broken, chains whose existence embittered your whole life, for what love of woman could be yours rightly while these fatal, detested bonds still held you in their cruel, wicked embrace?" In other words, the maudlin hero marries the naughty heroine, and meets the goody heroine in the last chapter of vol. i., so that he has rather a bad time (but not half bad enough) for the remainder of his existence. He is indebted to both heroines for occasional "long, mad kisses," bestowed alternately, it would appear. The author summons Wordsworth, Coleridge, Herrick, and "Balwer" to her aid in describing the young woman who waits for Guy, and whom she calls "a Cinderella of the nineteenth century." Left to herself, she writes of "turquoise clouds," of snatching "glimpses of Paradise from the jaws of fate," of "a wail of anguish in mellow tones," and draws bewildering comparisons between clouds, opals, and chameleons. Eventually Cinderella's naughty rival is removed; a convenient candle comes to the rescue and sets her dress on fire. The widower, being free to marry his fatuous Cinderella, does so post-haste; there is some slight carnage in the matter of an unnecessary pair of twins, who went for a drive, and were "flung violently out against a stone wall"; and the reviewer's ordeal is at an end.

Mrs. Alexander is nowhere as a competitor with Lady Constance Howard. At the same time, we are constrained to cavil at the picture she presents of *le highlif*. Do the inhabitants of dizzy social altitudes accept invitations to country houses "with low bows"? Also, do ladies ever call gentlemen by their surnames, and without any prefix, to their faces? Mrs. Alexander maintains both these things to be characteristic of intercourse among

the great ones of the earth. There is yet another circumstance which stirs our curiosity. The prerogative of making war upon the French language is well known to be the exclusive monopoly of people with very large incomes—imposing debts will, of course, do quite as well—but for two gentlemen, however financially situated, to call the same young lady *ma belle*, when they are both merely potential lovers, seems almost too aristocratic to be correct. Mrs. Ruthven, an intriguing widow who possesses money and charms, is robbed of her jewels at a ball given by a young bachelor squire of blue blood and doubtful antecedents. The only traces of the thief are a cloak, a mask, and a rent in the side of the tent where Olifford Marsden (the host) had left his guest and partner alone for a few minutes in order to fetch her some refreshment. But, as Mrs. Ruthven becomes subject after this catastrophe to "cruel mocking" or "strange hysterical" laughter, "slight inscrutable smiles," and other symptoms of an unequivocal kind familiar to the student of transpontine melodrama, the most gullible reader cannot fail to perceive that she has got the right clue all the time. Her object is to change her name to Marsden, and she plays her cards accordingly. Unfortunately, the involved proprietor of that name does not share her views, and is equally anxious to confer it upon the poor relation whom he calls *ma belle*. But she is in love already with the rival linguist, though he is shy of declaring himself. Then there is a complication, because this good young man, whose name is Mark Winton, had a cousin of the same name who died. So Nora L'Estrange, taking "occasion by the hairs," engages herself to Marsden, and very nearly marries him, but finds a way of passing him on to Mrs. Ruthven in time to marry the surviving Winton instead. Marsden has a sister, Lady Dorrington, whom he irritates a good deal. We are not surprised, as he calls her "sister mine." She calls him "a shocking scamp," but draws the line quite severely at "blackguard," which is her husband's name for him. For our own part, we are not certain that we should select if we were put to it. Between the crime and its discovery the book consists of an almost interminable succession of morning, afternoon, and evening calls, in which a miserably futile and invertebrate detective takes a leading part. Once or twice Mrs. Alexander is accidentally amusing, as where she writes "his *spirit's* lord sat lightly on his throne"—which is mysterious as well—and hints rhetorically at "the pomp and circumstance of serious sickness."

We are introduced by Mr. Greville John Chester, B.A., to an adventuress, who manages to establish herself in the house of a wealthy maiden lady for purposes of gain. He informs us in a preface that "the main incident" of his story—by which we presume he means "Mrs. Welby's" arrival and sojourn at the High House, Headingham—"actually occurred." Nevertheless, the fiction which he has interwoven with his fact is not of the sort approved by Mr. Browning, and is palpably and even grotesquely untrue. His humour, which he evidently allows himself to think much of, is a long way after the manner of Mr. Wilkie Collins. He goes out of his way to invent numbers of unnecessary names which are stamped with a wholly ineffective spuriousness, and the characters annexed to these would-be facetious labels are not more genuine. His self-assertion is unbecoming; but if he can purge himself of wholesale irrelevancy, curb a tendency for satirizing people and things about which he knows very little, and quell his desire to be "smart," he may yet produce tolerable local sketches.

### THE ANNALS OF MANCHESTER.\*

THERE are some books the exact goodness of which almost necessarily escapes the observation of all but a very few persons; and of these Mr. Axon's *Annals of Manchester* is one. Everybody can see that it is a full and painstaking collection of facts on an important subject. Its fulness and its painstaking may be still more clearly recognized by historical students. But, in order to appreciate the amount of conscientious though unobtrusive and unambitious work which Mr. Axon has bestowed on his subject, a man must probably have worked through the whole subject himself, and must certainly have an acquaintance with former works of the same kind. By these former works we do not mean such books as the almost famous, but rather luckily incomplete, extravagances of Whitaker, or the more recent but still incomplete labours of Reilly. Both these attempted Histories of Manchester, and Mr. Axon has attempted nothing so ambitious. His book, though of goodly size, is merely a chronological table of events from the earliest times to the present day, and is based on a much smaller work of the same kind called the *Manchester Historical Recorder*, which has gone through several editions. It is ill speaking ill of efforts which were respectable and useful in their own day; but it must be admitted that the *Manchester Historical Recorder* even in its last edition, which bore date no further back than 1874, was but a scrubby little book. Its collection of facts, though not exactly meagre (for it filled some 180 pages of small type), was of the most biggledy-piggledy kind as a whole, while the serene absence of the slightest criticism in the selection of particular entries was nearly sublime in its serenity. All the guesses of the chroniclers, all the fond imaginations of that most imaginative of men, Dr. John Whitaker, sometime rector of Ruan Lanihorne, Cornwall,

\* *The Annals of Manchester*. By W. M. E. Axon. London and Manchester: Heywood. 1886.

\* *Waiting for the Prince*. By Lady Constance Howard. 3 vols. London: White & Co.

By *Woman's Wit*. A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander. 2 vols. London: White & Co. 1886.

*Great Speculations*. A Norfolk Novelette. By Greville John Chester, B.A. London: White & Co. 1886.



found themselves gravely inscribed, and some of the items were such that they really suggested a deliberate joke. Such was the entry (we quote from memory) under the date of six hundred and something:—"Urien, the pride of Lancashire, died." How there came to be such a place as Lancashire at that time, and whether Urien, the pride thereof, was or was not identical with the gentleman, also named Modo and Mahu, who is more commonly called Sir Urien, or whether he was the happy father of the seven immoral heroines of Scott's ballad, or whatsoever else might be known or guessed about him, the *Manchester Historical Recorder* said not a word. To search through all this miscellaneous and unindexed lumber, to weed out the mere rubbish, to correct and verify such pieces of information as were not rubbish, to add what had to be added in the earlier and to extend the later parts of the book, and to perform this latter task on such a scale that, without any excessively long entries, the book is swollen from a duodecimo of not two hundred pages to a large crown octavo of some four hundred and fifty, with an excellent index, must have been no slight task. Indeed, though tastes and capacities differ, it would certainly have been to some men a much lighter task to write a connected original history of the whole. As it is, Mr. Axon has supplied the bones of such a history for the future, and at the same time an excellent book of reference, if not of continuous reading, for the present.

On one point there may be differences of opinion as to his arrangement, and that point is the allotment of space to different periods. As a matter of fact, the history of Manchester during the last hundred years occupies three times as much room as that from the origins to 1785, and the history of the last twenty-five years occupies half of the large space allotted to the last hundred years, or more than a third of the book. Now it is quite true that the early history of Manchester, though it reaches very far back and is connected in various interesting ways with the general history of the nation, is extraordinarily meagre, and that, with the exception of an important episode in the seventeenth century, the last hundred years, or at most the last hundred and fifty, comprise the whole of its richest period. But then Manchester has by no means been of more importance during the last twenty-five years than during the previous twenty-five or fifty, but rather of less—its special pre-eminence having been merged in the advance of other towns, and its staple industry having remained, in comparison, stationary. Yet we have little doubt that Mr. Axon is, on the whole, right. In the first place, he has to consider what his townsmen would like to read. And, if this be held a base consideration, he may fall back on a general principle which is not base at all. It is undoubtedly the business of the chronicler of each generation to sift with care the collections of the past, but to store with some lavishness the facts of the present. Those who come after him can reject what they please, but cannot, except by chance, recover what he omits. And we have equally little doubt that Mr. Axon looks with equanimity on the prospect of some successor of his in the twentieth century weeding even as he has weeded—though it must be said in fairness that the said successor will only have to dispense with the superfluous, and not, as Mr. Axon has had, to dispense with uncritical rubbish.

We have said enough already to show that the book, for all its merits, affects no literary claims; indeed, Mr. Axon's modest description of himself is merely "editor." His first article, however, is a succinct and judicious summing up of the few facts and the many conjectures as to Roman Manchester. Perhaps even he leans rather too much on the "we may safely assume" and similar phrases of some modern inquirers. The more excellent way in such things is to conclude that you cannot safely assume that anything did happen beyond what is actually known; though you may be quite justified in asserting that it may have happened. And when, under 367, we read about the Picto-Scoto-Saxon raid repelled by Theodosius, with the ingenuous addition "How far Lancashire suffered is not known," we cannot help asking, Then why include the entry? But it must be admitted that the temptation which acts on a local historian to swell his stock of data in such matters is very strong. Besides, Mr. Axon never gives as a fact what is not a fact or not known to be one; and, this being so, the reasonably intelligent reader has all the safeguard he can demand. Through the scanty allusions to Manchester in the first twelve centuries of our era (almost the only solid one being the account of the manor—which was not at first strictly a manor—in Doomsday), and through the not much fuller notices of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, which are really little but incidents in the family history of the Gresleys, De la Warres, and Wests, Mr. Axon pilots his readers with care, if he does not (which he could not do, for there is none to give) supply them with much solid information. It is far into the sixteenth century before Court-leet records begin, before the staple trade of the place is described in detail by the preambles of Acts of Parliament, and before the passing of the manor from the hands of great non-resident nobles into those of local merchants gives, not indeed in form, but in fact, an impetus to the municipal life of the town. Even then it makes no figure in general history, or only such slight one as is due to the persecution of Popish recusants or the discovery of one of Martin Marprelate's travelling presses. It was, however, the Puritan movement which this last-mentioned incident betokens, and which in the next century was led and strengthened by Richard Heyrick, Warden of the Collegiate Church, a relation of the poet Herrick, and a man of great energy, if not judgment, that brought Manchester to the front. With the beginning of the Civil Wars Mr. Axon has at last plenty

of matter to draw upon not of the merely small-beer kind, and thenceforward such matter seldom fails him for long together. The Jacobite plots in the later seventeenth century, and the participation of Manchester in the risings of the '15 and the '45, are national events which are interspersed in the general history of a prosperous town gradually increasing in size, gradually exchanging its old industry of so-called (but really woollen) "cottons" for the actual cotton trade; and as soon as (early in the eighteenth century) this latter was firmly established, enlarging and spreading itself at a wonderful rate. Next come the great industrial developments of the middle of the last century, and immediately afterwards the lamentable but instructive series of civil disorders, owing partly to insufficient adjustment of administrative and economical arrangements, partly to political causes, partly to the mere growth of population, which extend with little intermission from the "Shude Hill Fight," a provision riot of 1757, to the disturbances of the Chartist period. Last of all comes that interesting period of political importance and almost predominance which, beginning at the Reform agitation, took complete form in the Anti-Corn-Law movement, produced the "Manchester School," and for a considerable time made Manchester beyond all question the second city of the kingdom in importance of various kinds. It was not Mr. Axon's business to bring out these stirring transactions in their ensemble or by any connected narrative. What he had to do, and has done, is to note the individual events which marked their progress, together with a great many others of merely local and temporary interest. Some haughty persons of Southern England, ignorant of the curious homeliness which marked the life of the great Northern towns even to a very recent period, may despise some of his entries as mere gossip. But the wiser folk even of the more anciently cultivated and dominant part of these isles will not scorn such things as the following:—

1855—Margaret Oldham died in the workhouse. She claimed to be the first Sunday scholar in Manchester, and stated that in 1780 Molly Scholes, the keeper of a dame's school, told her pupils that she was about to open the school on Sunday for religious instruction, and promised the first comer a slice of currant bread. Margaret, going early, found one Betty Hide a step in advance, but pulled her back by the hair and claimed the prize. Molly contented them by giving each a slice.

Can it be that this unwise compromise disgusted the heroic Margaret, and induced a carelessness of excellence which landed her in the workhouse? Great is the responsibility of those who deal with youth.

#### A POPULAR NOVELIST.\*

"YOU never can depend upon these Smiths," says Mark Twain. The author of *Minnigrey*, J. F. of that family, is no exception to the rule thus arbitrarily formulated. His province in art was cheap fiction; but in his time he was one of the best-read writers in England. He has been dead not many years, and already there is an accretion of legends about his name which promises to develop into a regular myth. Thus it is said, for one thing, that he believed his real strength to lie in serious art, and that he died of grief because he was bound hand and foot to the penny novel. Again, it is told of him that he was the salvation of a certain journal. Its proprietors were in despair; they had tried Walter Scott, they had tried Alexandre Dumas, they had tried Charles Reade; the public would not buy, and all was going by the board; when J. F. Smith stepped in with a masterpiece of his making, and the consumptive print became the healthiest of its kind. Another romance affirms that he was made a Papal count under circumstances that do him the greatest honour as a practical novelist. 'Twas in the Rome of five-and-twenty years ago; a dignity of the Church had been seen, in full canonicals, to come forth into open day from an establishment the most disreputable that can be imagined. The Liberal press made much of the event; when J. F. Smith, with such presence of mind as few men of letters can boast, suggested to the proper person (it may have been Antonelli) that a reward should be offered for the discovery of the impostor who, attired as a cardinal, had been seen to leave &c. &c. This was done; the Church was saved; and J. F. Smith, like Mr. Chucis, became a foreign nobleman. That these stories are true is not, perhaps, demonstrable. What is certain is that J. F. Smith was a hard-working man of letters of the type (let us say) of Ponson du Terrail; that, if his English was elaborate and his sentiment a trifle obvious, he had a prodigious fund of invention; and that in his time he amused the toiling millions as much as anybody who has ever worked for them, the poet of *Rocambole* not excepted.

The intrigue of *Minnigrey* (which is, we trust, to be followed by *Woman and her Master* and all the author's other attempts at immortality) is really tremendous. To tell it in detail is impossible. Smith himself was unable to work it out in less than a hundred and eleven chapters; these, in the reprint now under notice, are presented in some three hundred and sixty large octavo pages (double columned) of small print; and as there is scarce a page without its incident, and all the incidents are supposed to work to a common end, the feeling of complexity induced by the whole thing is baffling and bewildering in the extreme. Briefly stated, the problem proposed is the old struggle between the Good and Bad principles, with all the inevitable attendant circumstances:—

\* *Minnigrey*. By J. F. Smith. London: Bradley & Co. 1886.

the sufferings of Virtue at the hands of Vice, the gradual triumph of Virtue over Vice, and the final apotheosis of Virtue in a Splendour of titles and marriage certificates. This statement, however, counts for nothing; it would apply to *Night and Morning* and *The History of a Foundling* with equal propriety; there is scarce an Adelphi melodrama of them all but might appropriate it to itself, and make oath that that, and that alone, is its reason of being. As in all great work, the interest of *Minnigrey* lies, not so much in the *idée m re* as in the author's treatment thereof; and it is precisely here that J. F. Smith is most himself, and precisely here that he defies analysis. It is certain that the Earls of Eserick are a haughty and a fratricidal race; that the last of the name has died childless; and that, should his elder sister, the Lady Blanche, also die without issue, the title descended, "in strict entail," to her junior, Lady Ellen, wife of Sir John de Grey, "a baronet of ancient family." It is also obvious that the Lady Blanche, having been thrown over by Sir John, detests the Lady Ellen, for on the second page she is found in the act of planning to seduce the Lady Ellen's medical attendant, a certain Bawtree (you must not be too sure that he is a Beefeater) and abduct the baby which the Lady Ellen is on the point of presenting to Sir John. It is plain, too, to the meanest capacity, that this nefarious business is accomplished, and that in spite of the presence, at the Lady Blanche's interview with Bawtree, of a third person, concealed beneath the sofa, in defiance of cramp and the vengeance of the haughty Lady Blanche alike. That much is easy to follow; but thereafter the reader's peace of mind is gone, and whatever respect he may have for his own understanding is overthrown by J. F. Smith, and trampled upon by J. F. Smith, for hundreds of pages. The only plank of safety left him (to change our metaphor) is the pronounced affection of J. F. Smith for the immemorial gipsy Madge and the high-souled little Romany, Madge's grandson, Gus. The name is not heroic; but that, it may be, is a part of J. F. Smith's art. It soon becomes evident that Gus and Minnigrey are to be made one, whenever they achieve the legal age; that Bawtree is no more Bawtree than he is the Pope; and that Bawtree's grandson Edward Howard has an excellent chance of dying Earl of Eserick. Does he? or does he not? Does the earldom of Eserick, curse and all (we forget to mention that the Esericks have been for centuries the slaves of a fine old crusted family ghost), fall naturally to him? or is it to be the portion which Gus, the unbought and undefeated, brings to his gipsy bride? That is the question; and it must be owned that the ingenuity displayed by J. F. Smith in framing a series of evasive answers is calculated scarce less to try the reader's patience than to move his admiration. How Gus is educated in Chelsea; how he is kidnapped by Black Paul and the press-gang under that desperado's orders; how he escapes the navy, and becomes a soldier under the Iron Duke, and is made an officer on the field of Vimiera, and is sent to Paris on a secret mission, and is arrested by Fouch , and is set at liberty by Vidocq and Junot, and rescues Minnigrey and all her train, and escapes to the Peninsula, and fights his way from Torres Vedras to Paris, and comes forth as colonel at the last; how, tempted to indiscretion by Agnes, the lovely Portuguese, and La Pascata, the gifted Italian, he keeps his troth unsullied and his virtue undiminished; how Bawtree and the wicked Edward are powerless to do him harm; and how, after more kidnapping and innumerable attempts at murder, all the objectionable people are got rid of, and Gus and Minnigrey are joined together in holy matrimony, and the curse of the Esericks is, by reason of the good conduct of the new Earl and Countess, removed for ever from the house—all this, and a good deal more, must be told by J. F. Smith himself. Only Odysseus could bend the bow of Ulysses; and only J. F. Smith can handle as it deserves to be handled the immense intrigue devised by the author of *Minnigrey*.

It remains to add that the style of J. F. Smith has many and peculiar merits. "I have trampled upon laws, human and divine, as straws in my path," says Bawtree on one occasion; "a foreboding, a secret monitor, which never yet deceived me, tells me," &c. That is a specimen of the brave fellow's conception of dialogue. "Several of their comrades" (the scene is the stricken field of Vimiera), "urged by emulation, leaped over the barrier formed by the dead." Thus, and not otherwise, does he approve himself an artist in description. It is in reflection, however, that he is at his greatest. "What a dull thing," he observes, "humanity would be did not love enlighten it! In youth, &c. . . . Desolate is that being, &c. . . . To such the world is, indeed, a desert without one verdant spot for the weary pilgrim to repose on. Genius may torture him with her fatal gifts; gold, dross, be counted down for the creations of his pencil and his pen; fame woo him with her barren smile—yet all in vain." 'Tis an affecting picture, though somewhat in the vein of George de Barnewell, and seems to show that, as stated in our first paragraph, there was a canker in the wreath of J. F. Smith. "To such a man," he continues, "the world is ashes and his heart a lonely sepulchre, whose ponderous stone no angel-hand may e'er roll back again." For which reason we, J. F. Smith, "bid the world love on, that humanity may deck the spring-time of its existence with flowers and embalm its age in the sweet recollections of its youth." The metaphor is a trifle mixed, it is true; but the passion and the pain of it all are undeniable, and the eloquence (there is plenty more where it came from) can only be considered with respect. There is better in the works of the late Lord Lytton; and there is also worse.

## GERMANY.\*

EVERY child with a taste for stories will find much to amuse and interest him in this book. Mr. Baring-Gould knows how to tell a story and how to make it fit in with and illustrate what he has to say, and when he has heavier matters in hand he writes clearly and to the point. It is, indeed, going rather far to call a book of this kind the "Story of the German Nation"; that implies something more serious than he has attempted. For he generally keeps clear of all topics that young people are likely to find dry, such as the machinery of government, and even avoids giving any prominence to the spread of the Teutonic power over Slavonic lands, saying little, for example, about the Teutonic Knights, and apparently leaving out all mention of the Partitions of Poland. Social subjects receive a fair amount of attention, and are treated pleasantly and with picturesque details. Among the best of the short chapters that deal with them are those describing a small town in the fifteenth century, and the artificial towns called into being by the petty sovereigns who aped the extravagance of Louis XIV. Vivid accounts are given of incidents in the Hussite War, in the Revolt of the Peasantry, in the Anabaptist Revolt, and in the loyal struggles of Hofer and the Tyrolese against the French and Bavarians. Mr. Baring-Gould is scarcely at home in the earlier part of his work. Lewis the Pious had his faults; but we should not have said that "narrowness" was his special characteristic, and an acquaintance with contemporary chroniclers would have shown that in the case of Bernhard, King of Italy, he interfered as usual on the side of mercy. Again, the description of the Emperor Frederic II. as "a noble scion of his race, full of chivalry," strikes us as peculiarly unfortunate. Frederic had little in common with his race—for the word is used of his father's house—and nothing in common with the spirit of chivalry. To turn to statements of another kind, although the death of Lewis the Child certainly marks an epoch in German history, we are surprised to find it laid down that from that time "the crown ceased to be hereditary." When had the hereditary principle been established? Unfortunately there is nothing surprising in being told that Rudolf of Hapsburg was a "king from a Swiss castle"; for many people seem unable to understand that the Switzerland of to-day did not always exist. The number of errors of one kind or another in this volume is indeed so large as seriously to impair its usefulness as a book for young people. Many of them, such as "Louis the Pious" for Louis the German, "Runersdorf" for Kunersdorf, and 1706 for 1786, the year of the death of Frederick the Great, are of course mere slips; others would scarcely have been made by any one familiar with the matter in hand in each case. For example, Lewis did not take the famous oath of 842 in German, nor did Charles take it in French, "the earliest specimen of the French language"—"Lodhuwicus romana, Karolus vero teudisca lingua, juraverunt." Again, Otto the Great did not marry "the daughter of Edmund, King of England." The later part of the history is far more accurately told than the earlier. It is not so entertaining, and, though that is not altogether the fault of Mr. Baring-Gould, he might, we think, have managed to work up some portions of it into a better shape. In his account of the Bonapartist wars he seems to write more about Bonaparte than about Germany, and the somewhat closely-packed mass of battles, coalitions, and congresses in these chapters is scarcely what is wanted for readers whom it is thought expedient to address in a condescending and even in a somewhat childish fashion—for whose sakes, for example, the design of Bonaparte in making the Treaty of Campo Formio is illustrated by the spitefulness exhibited by children when eating slices of bread and jam. The "Story" is brought down to the establishment of the German Empire. The volume contains a large number of illustrations, some of them reproductions of old German woodcuts, and pleasant to look at. Of the two maps, the one illustrating the "Empire of Charlemagne" is drawn with unnecessary roughness and inaccuracy of outline, and in more than one direction the boundary assigned to the Empire is unusual, and, we think, faulty.

## THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER.†

THE blank verse used in translating Homer, said Mr. Matthew Arnold many years ago, "must not be Mr. Tennyson's blank verse." Then whose blank verse is it to be? Perhaps Mr. Arnold's own, in parts of *Sohrab and Rustum*, is as little unsatisfactory as any blank verse could be, in Homeric translation. Lord Carnarvon's blank verse, we confess, is far from satisfying us, but there is no reason why it should not satisfy the readers of Lord Derby's. In his modest preface Lord Carnarvon says that "an English, and especially a non-classical reader, will best appreciate the original if translated into language of great simplicity." The translator's language is very simple and unaffected, but we cannot think that its simplicity reminds us of the phraseology of the Bible, which, to Lord Carnarvon, "seems best to fit the writer and the subject." It is, in fact, impossible for blank verse,

\* *The Story of the Nations—Germany.* By S. Baring-Gould, M.A., with the collaboration of Arthur Gilman, M.A. London: Fisher Unwin. 1886.

† *The Odyssey of Homer.* Translated into English Verse. Books I.—XII. By the Earl of Carnarvon. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.



even, it may be, in the hands of its most famous masters, to suggest the rapidity, the sonorous music, and the volume of Homer's lays. We select a passage which has been rendered by Lucretius, Lord Tennyson, Ronsard, and Mr. Swinburne, in their various ways—the description of Elysium in the Fourth Book of the *Odyssey*:—

But 'tis not fated, Heaven-descended Prince,  
That thou in Argos, famous nurse of steeds,  
Shouldst meet thy doom. Thee the great Gods shall send  
To the Elysian plain, Earth's utmost bound,  
Where bright-haired Rhadamanthus dwells, where life  
To mortal man is softest, where no snow  
Nor rain nor tempest beats, where Ocean stream  
Sends the breeze of the shrill-breathing West  
To give refreshment to the sons of men;  
For that thou hast had Helen to thy wife,  
And art akin to Zeus.

This appears to ourselves to want the kind of original charm which the poets mentioned give the passage when they make it their own; and to lack the music of Worsley, and the "go" of Avia. His use of blank verse thus limits Lord Carnarvon so much that he might nearly as well have fallen back on prose—the despair of translators.

A longer passage, of ordinary narrative, may be quoted from Book V.—the description of Odysseus's resting place when he climbed forth, half-drowned, from the river in Phæacia:—

Thus in close debate  
With his own mind the Hero weighed each course;  
Then to the wood he went. On airy site,  
And neighbouring to the flood below, it stood.  
There in two bushes on a common stem,  
One the sweet olive—one the wilder sort—  
He chose his dwelling. Through that covert thick  
The moist winds blew not, nor the blazing sun  
Smote with his beams, nor drove the piercing shower,  
But thick and intertwined the branches grew.  
'Neath them Odysseus crept, and heaped a couch  
Of the dry leaves; small stint of these was there,  
But ample store, enough to shield from cold  
Two or three men in dreariest winter-tide.  
Odysseus saw, and in his soul rejoiced,  
And laid him down and o'er him piled the leaves.  
Like as when on the verge of some far field,  
Where stands no neighbouring homestead, men heap up  
Some smouldering ember with the ashes grey,  
And guard from wind and keep the spark alive;  
So heaped the Hero o'er him the dry leaves,  
And kind Athene poured upon him sleep—  
Rest to his eyelids, surcease of his toils.

There is nothing in the original about the hero "weighing each course"—how can you weigh a course? You choose a course, you don't weigh it. "He chose his dwelling" is not so simple as what Homer says, "he crept beneath two bushes." It is not "men," finally, but one lonely man with no neighbours, who hides a brand in the black ashes, which Lord Carnarvon calls grey, and doubtless correctly. But Homer, with his scant choice of words of colour, calls them black. Perhaps one misses the expression, "the seed of fire," and Homer says nothing about guarding it from wind, and he does say that the man's motive is to avoid the necessity of seeking a light at some other house. This remark seems to show that the art of striking a light (probably by rubbing sticks together, as Hermes does in the Hymn) was a difficult art in Homer's time.

This example may show how far even a humble pedestrian blank verse can lead a translator from his original. The importance of the deviation will be estimated variously by various readers. But the defects cannot be compensated for by such melody as blank verse yields in the hands of Lord Carnarvon. For these reasons we may fancy that the pleasure of the performance of the task, as Lord Carnarvon hints, is a stronger motive with the translator than any hope of advancing the art beyond Pope, Worsley, and Avia.

#### NEW PRINTS.

THE commencement of Mr. Humphry Ward's magnificent publication, long expected, consists of three numbers—on Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Hogarth respectively. They are issued by Messrs. Bousso & Valadon under the title of *English Art in the Public Galleries of London*, and the "process" engravings are as good, well chosen, and well printed as those in the studies from the works of contemporary artists already noticed in these columns on several occasions. But if Mr. Ward gives up three whole parts to Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Hogarth, and promises to finish the work in fifteen parts altogether, it is to be feared Landseer and Mulready, Turner and Wilson, Linnell and Wilkie, will want elbow-room. However, that is his business. To our taste, nothing can be better than the engravings from Gainsborough's pictures, those after Hogarth being hardly as clear as we could wish, and those after Reynolds the least interesting of the three sets. The title-page contains Turner's "Chichester Canal," as a vignette—a wonderful effect of colour in mezzotint; for, though the original is one of the painter's most gorgeous effects, the print has in it some subtle quality which brings the colour irresistibly before the mind's eye. Perhaps a person who had never seen the painting might not experience the same feeling. If so, he should turn to the Gainsborough part, and look at "The Watering Place" from the picture in the National Gallery. Here the suggestion of colour is not so necessary to the success of the

print; the light and shade, the depth of effect, and the composition giving a charm alike to the original and to the copy in black and white. The smaller print of "Cornard" is too dark in comparison. Of the figure subjects in the three numbers before us, the "Parish Clerk," also a Gainsborough, is the most delicate, brilliant, and refined, and the most like the picture. The "Sigismunda," after Hogarth, comes next, and the "Angels' Heads," after Reynolds, is a bad third in comparison, though very good in itself. The "Musidora" should not have been omitted in favour of those three very shadowy young ladies, or the rustic, and indeed very uninteresting, children. The portrait of "Mrs. Siddons" may balance the splendid rendering of Reynolds's "Dr. Johnson," or the portrait of "Lord Heathfield." But among the Reynolds subjects we miss "The Snake in the Grass," and could well have spared "The Banished Lord" and even "The Infant Samuel." The portraits of Hogarth by himself are admirable, and seem hardly to lack the colour. It is a pity Mr. Ward has not included the Soane Museum among the national collections for illustration, as some of Hogarth's best work is there. The "Marriage à la Mode" series is very hackneyed, and from Hogarth's extensive scale of colour, precision of detail, and sharpness of manner in these subject pictures, is less suited to the process employed than the portraits of "Polly Peachum" or the "Shrimp Girl," which might well have been included. These remarks amount perhaps to hypercriticism; for it is manifestly impossible to include everything in a work of the kind.

The three chapters on the three great artists are written by Mr. Dobson, Mr. Richmond, and Mr. Ward himself. Mr. Dobson, in the passage of his essay which we like best, shows that he understands Hogarth's position and views, and can describe them in straightforward and vigorous language of his own. Mr. Richmond has in Gainsborough a subject specially dear to the mind of an artist so accomplished as himself. But Mr. Richmond hardly does justice to the greatest of Gainsborough's qualities—his unrivalled sense of harmony in colour. "The Blue Boy" is not so much as named, and in the remarks on "The Parish Clerk" we have more than enough about the sweetness and softness and expression, and nothing about the management of the light and the absolute but simple harmony of the blues and pinks and browns. Mr. Ward's own essay, that on Reynolds, is well arranged and considered, and states the case with a certain air of authority. In a preface Mr. Ward informs his subscribers and the public that in future numbers Mr. Boughton, A.R.A., will write on Morland, Mr. A. W. Hunt on Turner, and Mr. Woolner, R.A., on Mulready. Artists are but amateurs in literature; but the opinions of practical men on their own subjects are generally valuable and more instructive, perhaps, than the views of the purely literary critic, however well expressed. Some artists, indeed, some who ought to be entitled to an opinion, vow that Mr. Ruskin, delightful as his writings are, knows nothing special about art. Mr. Humphry Ward is apparently determined that no one shall be able to judge thus harshly of the writers whom he has enlisted to criticize their predecessors. On the whole, we cannot but welcome these first instalments of Mr. Ward's great work, and hope not only to see it brought to a successful conclusion, but also that its projectors may be encouraged to give us further illustrations and studies from our national collections.

By the same Goupil process, and from the same publishers, Messrs. Bousso & Valadon, we have also received some very charming little prints after modern French artists. Two of these "Etiampes miniatures" after Bouguereau, "La Vierge aux Anges," and "La Vierge, l'Enfant, et S. Jean," are exquisite little renderings of beautiful and solemn religious pictures. "Les Pêcheurs" and "Les Bergers," after Hector le Roux, are also very pretty, the same figures, intended perhaps for ancient, perhaps for modern, peasants appearing in both—namely, a graceful girl, a shepherd adorer, and an irreverent boy, wholly unaware that he is in the presence of Love. The turkeys in chorus by Schenck, and the row of little birds on a perch of Giacomelli, are well known. "Janetta" is a graceful and pathetic figure of a woman playing a guitar, after Claudie.

Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons have published a very pleasing line-engraving by M. Achille Jacquet, after Mr. Frederick Morgan. It represents a child of the peasant class with a great bunch of meadow-sweet, or some such plant, over her shoulder. A weedy bank and river are in the background. The figure and pose are more serious and well studied than is usual with the artist; but, on the whole, the picture, though pretty, is scarcely worth reproduction by such a costly process. Messrs. Bousso & Valadon seem to have similarly misjudged the importance of M. Priou's picture of a nymph whom three *amorini* are forcing along a thorny forest path, which M. Varin has engraved for them in line, or something like it. The subject is uninteresting, and is, moreover, weakly treated. The same publishers send us a wonderful imitation in colour-printing of a water-colour picture of a semi-nude nymph reclining, by M. Chaplin, the border of which in a rococo style can hardly be distinguished from a painting in sepia. These three prints are not very encouraging; nor could we say more for a whole volume of sporting scenes, only that the lithography seems to have been executed in India, and owes its defects not so much to the failure of the engraver as to the deficiency of the drawings. This is *Denizens of the Jungles*, a series of sketches of wild animals by Robert Armitage Sterndale, and published by Messrs. Thacker & Spink of Calcutta. Mr. Sterndale's drawings, despite his unequalled knowledge of his subject, are weak and flat; some of them reminding us in their

total want of pictorial keeping of pictures by Royal Academicians in recent exhibitions. The plate No. IV., representing three black bears, may be mentioned as an example. Out of all possible proportion to the importance of the subject is an immense folio volume of outlines of a series of designs on the pavement of Siena Cathedral, representing the Seven Ages of Man. They are lithographed at Rome by Spithöver, but come to us without any publisher's name. A few notes at the beginning mention a fifteenth-century artist—Antonio Federighi—as the designer. He worked these figures on the pavement, we are told, but how the annotator does not inform us. They are of the most commonplace character, and only an enthusiast for Italian art will care to look twice at them. The Art for Schools Association has published a large chromolithograph by Mr. Griggs, after Randolph Caldecott's drawing of a flight of fieldfares. The colour-printing is exceedingly good and clear; but the want of margin gives the whole print a look of being very superior wall-paper, which has a bad effect.

#### STUDIES IN ANCIENT HISTORY.\*

THE late Mr. McLennan, as is well known, made the question of the origin and history of the family prominent among the discussions as to the beginnings and early constitution of society. Starting with an essay on the meaning of the Form of Capture so frequent in wedding ceremonies, he advanced to the conclusion that as a general law the family was originally polyandrous, not monogamous; that kinship was originally traced through the mother's side; that the rule of "forbidden degrees" prohibited at first all unions between persons regarded as of the same blood ("exogamy"); and that the mark or note of kinship thus conceived was the totem, the animal, plant, or natural object which was the mythical ancestor and the badge of the stock. These views might be called revolutionary, and they have, of course, encountered much opposition. The tendency among students at present is to agreement with Mr. McLennan, as is shown in the approval by many Continental Orientalists of Dr. Robertson Smith's work on Early Kinship in Arabia. It should never be forgotten that Mr. McLennan regarded the processes which have been briefly stated as the general law, the broad path of evolution, in this matter, and that he allowed for exceptions and other arrangements of all sorts in various quarters.

His ideas are only opposed by the old, and, as we may say, orthodox theorists, who agree with Aristotle that the union of one man and one woman with their offspring is the earliest family; but they are also impugned in matters of detail by writers like the late Mr. Lewis Morgan. His terminology has also been misunderstood and misapplied (as he would have thought) by authors of the anthropological school. Finally, some of his ideas as to the origin of the customs which he introduced to the notice of science have not been accepted even by people ready to agree with most of his propositions.

The *Studies in Ancient History* is a reprint of the volume of the same title, now scarce, which was published by Mr. Quaritch. It does not contain any original matter of Mr. McLennan's own. His later researches as to the origin of exogamy—the law or custom forbidding marriage between persons recognized as of the same blood—are still kept back. His essays on Totemism, too, remain in the old numbers of the *Fortnightly Review*. When they do come to be reprinted, we trust that Mr. D. McLennan will strengthen his brother's position by the addition of fresh instances (whereof there are plenty), and by a more judicious and critical use of authorities. M. Le Page Renouf talks of Mr. McLennan's "schoolboy authorities." It is certainly needless to quote Bryant and Lempière when evidence from the Egyptian monuments and from the ancient Greek Egyptologists is readily accessible.

Meanwhile the reprint is more than a reprint. We have spoken of the opposition of Mr. Lewis Morgan's doctrines and of the failure of some writers to understand Mr. McLennan's terminology in the sense which he himself intended it to bear. Both these disturbing elements in a controversy sufficiently perplexed are dealt with by Mr. D. McLennan in this edition. In an appendix (pp. 165-191) the editor combats the idea that the form of capturing the bride is a concession to girlish bashfulness. It is an affair, not between the coy maiden and her wooer, but between her kinsfolk and his. Mr. Morgan's notions, again, are assailed in an appendix to the essay called "The Classificatory System." To put the thing briefly, what Mr. Morgan regarded as a mode of counting kindred Mr. McLennan explains as a system of salutations and addresses—"conventional modes of salutation." The expressions "my brother," "my father," "my child," and so forth, were used very freely among the Red Men and by many other races, as Mr. Morgan showed in his great collection of evidence, and as Lafitau (*Mœurs des Sauvages Américains, comparées avec Mœurs des Premiers Temps*, Paris, 1724) had shown before him. But these terms of kinship did not by any means imply actual belief in blood relationship between the persons using them. That they did imply this belief in kinship is of the essence of Mr. Morgan's system, and he had to invent theories of the growth of the family which would account for the employment of the terms. To disprove those Mr. McLennan has only to show that these words for degrees of kinship were used by people not

only strangers, but hostile to each other, and by members of the Indian tribes in addressing Europeans. Mr. Morgan, on the other hand, had asserted that "where no relationship subsists, the form of salutation is simply 'my friend.'" The ingenious and industrious American may have found it so among the Iroquois whose adopted tribesman he was, but the earlier evidence appears to us to be entirely in favour of Mr. McLennan.

There remains the misapprehension as to the meaning of Mr. McLennan's technical language. It is not uncommon to find writers who speak of this or that human community as "both endogamous and exogamous." Now by "exogamous" Mr. McLennan meant peoples among whom "marriage is prohibited between all persons regarded as being of the same blood, because of their common blood." By "endogamous" he denoted peoples who prohibit marriage except between "persons who are recognized as of the same blood connexion or kindred." Now, if a man who is exogamous is allowed to marry a woman of his own local tribe, this does not make him both endogamous and exogamous. The local tribe in such a case will be found to contain various stocks of blood kindred.

We have said that some of Mr. McLennan's disciples cannot follow him in his theory as to the origin of exogamy. Why may not a man marry a woman recognized as of his own kin? Mr. McLennan appears (from a note on p. 75) to have clung to his original notion that female infanticide made women scarce, that the clansmen (if we may call them so) sought for wives among hostile neighbours, and that thus a custom prohibiting marriage with women within the kin grew up. "Usage, induced by necessity, would in time establish a prejudice among the tribes observing it—a prejudice strong as a principle of religion, as every prejudice relating to marriage is apt to be—against marrying women of their own stock." We can see how the habit of stealing foreign women grew up on this showing, but not how the prejudice against wedlock with such women as the stock possessed at home was formed. There might be, and there is, a prejudice against eating them among cannibal races, and it is not impossible that the totemistic superstition which strengthens that prejudice is also at the bottom of exogamy. But it will be time enough to develop this idea, and the theory of the influence of the blood feud on the growth of exogamy, when Mr. McLennan's literary remains are published. Among them is promised "a short essay on the origin of Exogamy."

Meanwhile, Mr. D. McLennan deserves the thanks of all students for his notes to this convenient and handsome edition of a most original book. Only once have we caught his editorial watchfulness dosing, where George Sand's novel is quoted as *Le Mare au Diable* (p. 167).

#### NEW GERMAN READERS.\*

THE fourth part of Lange's German Classics contains Moser's *Bibliothekar*. This laughable farce is now so familiar to the English public as the *Private Secretary* that it is needless to describe the characters of the plot. The author, Gustav von Moser, and his other works are little known in England. He is Prussian by birth and a soldier by profession, but the greater part of his life has been passed in the rural leisure of a country gentleman. He is therefore only incidentally a playwright. The first work of the author was considered in his own country a complete failure. This first effort was the *Weibliche Husar*, which was performed for the first time at Görlitz in 1856, when the author was thirty-one. After an interval of retirement he again resumed the pen, and has by his later productions attained great popularity as a writer of a certain kind of comedy. The *Bibliothekar* is admirably suited for a reading-book for advanced students, as the dialogue abounds in idioms, and familiarizes the learner with the colloquial German of ordinary life. So far the editors have well fulfilled their promise of introducing the English student to modern German authors, which are at once more attractive and more useful to those whose object in learning the language is to speak it than the old well-worn track of continually repeated classics. By so doing they are supplying a decided want in educational literature.

That the classics still stand high in favour with some teachers may be taken for granted from the fact that here is yet another edition of *William Tell*. As it is edited by an assistant-master at Wellington College, it is evident that this, the most popular of Schiller's plays, is still used as a text-book for boys and young men. One would think that the gibes cut at its expense in *Vice Versa* would have opened the eyes of teachers to the expediency of putting into their pupils' hands something of more every-day interest, if they wish it to take any hold upon their heads. It is quite time that the mythical hero of Swiss independence, with his fabulous feats and soul-stirring soliloquies, with his apple and his

\* *Der Bibliothekar von Gustav von Moser*. Edited by Franz Lange, Ph.D. London: Whittaker & Co. 1886.

*Schiller's Wilhelm Tell*. Edited by J. S. Benin, M.A. London: Rivingtons. 1886.

*Shakespeare's Plays*. Parallel Series in English and German. Edited by Charles Sachs, Professor, Ph.D. London: Whittaker & Co.

*Selections from Schiller's Lyrical Poems*. Edited by E. J. Turner, M.A., and E. D. A. Morsham, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

*Easy German Stories*. By B. Townson, B.A. London: Rivingtons. 1886.

\* *Studies in Ancient History*. By the late John Ferguson McLennan. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.



crossbow, cow-horns and cow-bells, and all the other well-known properties, should leave the school-room for the stage. If the play is still to be used as a school-book, however, this edition is a convenient size, the paper and printing are good, and the notes accurate and intelligent.

It is hard to know whether to class Messrs. Whittaker's edition of Shakespeare under the head of German or English reading-books. They would be equally useful as either. Each part contains one play printed in parallel pages, with the English on one page and the German on the opposite one. The German text is a reprint of Schiller and Tieck's well-known translation, and each play is preceded by a short historical and critical introduction, also printed in German and English, from the pen of the editor, Professor Sachs. The idea of thus using Shakespeare as a text-book of language is a very happy one. This edition will be quite a god-send to grown-up students of either language, for the ordinary class reading-books are too childish to arrest their attention. The parallel paging saves the labour of using a dictionary, and the series is so low in price as to place it within the reach of all.

The last addition to Macmillan's Foreign School Classics is a small volume of selections from Schiller's poems. It contains the best known and most popular of his lyrical pieces, suitable either for exercises in translation or for recitation. A short analysis of each piece is to be found with the notes, which are placed at the end of the volume.

*Easy German Stories* is, as its name implies, intended as an introduction to the work of translating. The pieces are taken from the reading-books used in the German elementary schools. The book begins with well-known fables and anecdotes, very simple and very short. The extracts gradually increase in length and difficulty, so as to lead the pupil imperceptibly on. By the end of the book he is supposed to be capable of attacking modern prose authors. It contains a sufficient number of pieces to supply reading lessons for a class of beginners during two or three school terms. The extracts have been very judiciously chosen from a variety of authors, so as to avoid repetition and ensure a constant change of language and style. There is a vocabulary, alphabetically arranged, at the end; and also notes to each passage, explaining any grammatical peculiarities that occur in the text. The author recognizes the great importance of translation as a means of instruction in a foreign language, and he has brought his practical experience as a teacher to bear in his selection. The result of his labour is an excellent reading-book, which we heartily recommend as a valuable assistant to all teachers of junior classes.

#### A SHORT MANUAL OF CHEMISTRY.\*

THERE are so many text-books of elementary chemistry already in existence, some of them excellent, that the teacher is apt to be embarrassed in his choice, unless he happens to have written one of them, in which case his duty is plain. We should be sorry to have to decide which was the best of the multitude. Most of them exhibit a strong family likeness, and have no characters at all. They follow the beaten track, and carry their readers smoothly along without exposing them to the temptations of novelty. Minute examination sometimes reveals some point of originality in one or another of them, but more commonly they contain much the same facts and generalizations, and the same currently received and orthodox statements of scientific faith.

The volume before us does not differ in any important respect from many that have preceded it. It is a well-written, clear, and in the main accurate, elementary manual of inorganic chemistry. If it were a novelty among books, it would be invaluable; as it is, it is simply a good and useful little book which every beginner may use with advantage. Of course there are errors which must be corrected in the next edition—as, for example, the inclusion on page 51 of elephant gas among the gases which had not been liquefied before 1877. The table of elements on pages 64 and 65 contains many statements in regard to molecular formulae and weights which are not based on known fact, and some that are exceedingly improbable, such as the formula for magnesium. The formula  $Zn_2$  for zinc is simply incorrect, as the element is well known to rank with mercury and cadmium in regard to vapour-density. These and a few other errors that we have marked are mere inadvertencies; but they are sufficiently important to make a list of errata desirable. Apart from such minor blemishes, the book is, however, satisfactory in many ways. The theoretical and physical portions are clear and sufficiently full—occupying, indeed, nearly one-third of the book—and chemical physics, to use the loose phrase which is current, or, in other words, the elementary physics essential to chemical study, is fairly dealt with. The chapter on the physical behaviour of substances to heat, dealing mainly with thermometry and calorimetry, is one of the best in the book. In the descriptive chapters the arrangement is simple, and a great amount of detail is given in regard to the preparation, properties, and transformations of the elements and their chief compounds.

\* *A Short Manual of Chemistry*. Vol. I.—Inorganic Chemistry. By A. Dupré, Ph.D., F.R.S., F.C.S., &c., Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry and of the Society of Public Analysts, Lecturer on Chemistry and Toxicology at the Westminster Hospital Medical School, &c.; and H. Wilson Hake, Ph.D., F.C.S., F.I.C., Assistant-Lecturer on Chemistry at the Westminster Hospital Medical School, &c. London: Griffin & Co. 1886.

There is, however, one peculiarity in the book which requires notice, as it raises a very important question in regard to scientific teaching. We are told in the preface that the authors "are strongly of opinion that general principles should precede what may be termed descriptive chemistry." The reasons given are definite enough. It is argued, first, that the general principles can be comprehended and mastered by a student who has no previous knowledge of chemistry; and, secondly, that chemical phenomena in detail cannot be understood by any one who is ignorant of the principles. Two systems of instruction are, in fact, open to teachers. One is the system here advocated, which was adopted by Graham in his masterly *Elements of Chemistry*, the last edition of which appeared in 1850. In this book, which, in spite of Sir William Hamilton, was in the truest sense philosophical, a full and most lucid account of chemical and physico-chemical laws and theories, with abundant illustrations from chemical facts, preceded the actual study of the elements and their compounds. Many men now in middle life must remember the absorbed interest with which they, as lads, read and re-read these chapters, gaining thereby a general knowledge of the principles of the science at a time when they had little opportunity for experimental work. When experimental work followed it was trebly interesting, because intelligible. The alternative system is seen at its best in the important work of the late Professor Miller, which still retains its well-deserved popularity. Here the idea is to make fact precede theory; so that the student, after a tolerably full course of elementary physics, to which a whole volume is devoted, is plunged at once into the ocean of facts, the laws which govern and the theories which are framed to account for these facts being introduced piecemeal as the experimental study advances. There is much to be said for this system. It appears at first to be one of pure induction, and it is very largely followed at the present time. But experience renders us more and more doubtful of its wisdom. The inductions gained are for the most part illusory. A vast collection of facts, and not a mere handful, are necessary for the establishment of any scientific law or theory, and the evidence gained in the early stage of experimental study is never sufficient for the purpose. The student cannot understand the full import of one quarter of the experimental work he does for himself, or sees done on the lecture-table, and when at last the explanations are given he sees that they do not necessarily follow from the few facts that he has observed. But if he has studied the evidence first, and gained a general conception of the great ideas of the science, every experiment that he makes or sees made is pregnant with meaning to his mind. It is given to very few to verify by experiment the quantitative basis of chemistry, and it would be a waste of time to most students if they attempted it. They must take the greater part of the experimental evidence on a trust based on study and comprehension. The further they are able to carry their own laboratory work, the deeper will be their insight into law. But if their study is sound and intelligent, they will gain, and not lose, by deferring for a short time their experimental labours. Chemistry is an experimental science, they tell us; but unintelligent experiment teaches nothing, and is apt to degenerate into the aimless breakage of test-tubes which is so often mistaken for practical chemistry. For these reasons we agree heartily with the views expressed by Drs. Dupré and Hake, and commend the system of instruction which they have revived.

To some readers it will appear an insult if we suggest that this book will be a convenient text-book for some examinations, notably the Intermediate Scientific of the University of London. The admitted imperfections of all examinations as tests of real ability and skill have produced in many minds a reactionary prejudice against them, and some scientific men now appear to think that a student's mind must, as a rule, be damaged by any special training for an examination. This is absurd. The occasional genius will develop without any such stimulus, and may indeed be better without it, but the rank and file of intellect need it; and, until some alternative system is suggested and approved, the present educational tests, improved, let us hope, by increased experience, must be maintained.

#### LETTERS AND PAPERS, 1535.\*

THE new volume—volume the ninth—of the *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII.*, preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and elsewhere in England, deals with the latter half of the year 1535. Speaking roughly, it comprises the period between the executions of More and Fisher and the death of Katharine of Aragon. Its contents are to a great extent absorbed by the political complications arising out of the King's assumption in January of the title of "Supreme Head of the Church of England"; by the effects of that action upon France and Germany; and by the new movement initiated by Cromwell for the visitation of the monasteries, when first

in scorn of Peter's pence,  
And number'd bead, and shrift,  
Bluff Harry broke into the space  
And turn'd the cows adrift.

\* *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII.* Arranged and Catalogued by James Gairdner, Assistant-Keeper of the Public Records. London: Longmans & Co., etc. 1886.

Many of the letters here summarized are from Cromwell's Commissioners, Layton, Leigh, and John Ap-Rice. One of the earliest of Layton's reports well describes his visit to Farley, a cell to the great priory of Lewes. After commenting upon the scandalous lives of the monks, he goes on to describe some of the superstitious relics which he finds there. "I send you," he says, "*vincula S. Petri*, which women put about them at the time of their delivery. It is counted a great relic, because St. Peter is supposed to be the patron of the church. It is a very mockery and a great abuse that the prior should carry it on Lammas day in a basin of silver in procession, and every monk kiss it after the Gospel with great solemnity, though they have no writing to show how they came by it. I send you also a great comb called Mary Magdalene's comb, and St. Dorothy's and St. Margaret's combs." In another and a later letter he describes his proceedings with regard to the monastery of Langden about three miles north of Dover, where he comes to the abbot's lodging "joining upon the fields and wood even like a cony clapper full of starting holes." He is a good space knocking at the door, and finally dashes it to pieces with a short pole-axe, afterwards roaming the house with this weapon, for the abbot is a "dangerous desperate knave, and hardy." Finally, the abbot's "gentlewoman"—to use a euphemism—being unearthed, "bestirs her stumps towards her starting holes," and so becomes the prey of the vigilant commissioner, who despatches her incontinent to Dover, there to expiate her sins "in some cage or prison for eight days." "Holy father abbot" is also haled to Canterbury and to bonds. Some of the articles charged against the ecclesiastics are little vignettes of folk-lore. Against Sir Thomas Gorthopp, or Gorthopp, curate of Harwich, it is, *inter alia*, alleged "That when the young men of the parish entered the church, Dec. 26, to choose them a Lord of Misrule with minstrels to solace the parish, and bring youths from cards and dicing, the said priest had taken the pipe out of the minstrel's hand, and struck him on the head with it, and did next day preach a sermon that the children of Israel came piping and dancing before their idols." Truly an untunable curate of Harwich! This, however, is a harmless accusation compared with some of those which are made against abbots and priors in these records. Of Queen Katharine and her daughter we hear little in this volume. But towards the close of the book there is a memorandum from one Philip Grenacre, apothecary, reporting that she is already sick of what was to be her last illness—a subject upon which Mr. Gairdner, the editor, promises further particulars in the forthcoming volume. Meanwhile the antiquary, the historian, and even the vagrant general reader, will find much that is valuable and interesting in this latest contribution to the series.

## BRITISH FUNGI.\*

THE second and concluding volume of *Hymenomyces Britannici* has followed the first one with admirable promptness, and nevertheless it shows no signs of undue haste. The contents embrace the remainder of the Agaricini, and the whole of the Polyporei, Hydnei, Telephorei, Clavariici, and Tremellini, and constitute a very thorough account of the numerous species into which mycologists have subdivided the genera of these groups. An admirable feature in the plan of this work is the double measurements—in millimetres and centimetres, as well as in lines and inches—thus facilitating reference to German and other foreign works. The chief parts of each fungus, of which the characters are given—pileus, stem, gills, tubes, &c.—are also printed in bolder type, no small advantage to the student who wishes to compare the descriptions of the organs in different species.

The plan is naturally a continuation of that adopted in the first volume, and the complete work is undoubtedly an acquisition to botanical literature. We are glad to see that the author has added a glossary in explanation of the technical terms employed in the text. The necessity of such explanatory definitions to any tiro in descriptive mycology will be evident by reference to such adjectives as "isabelline," which is briefly defined to mean "of the colour of soiled linen; brownish-yellow-clay." We do not carp at the technical application of such a word as "isabelline"; but surely a fabric has passed beyond the soiled stage before it answers to this queer term, even allowing all possible latitude to the ambiguous word, and thus ruining its value in a definition.

There are one or two others somewhat loose definitions also. "Rivulose" and "sulcate" either mean the same thing (and if so one is superfluous) or they do not; the author appears to use them with different shades of meaning, but fails to make the difference clear. Similarly with "fasciate" and "zoned"; and with "diaphanous" and "hyaline." It is rarely easy, we know, to give unimpeachable definitions, but the object might have been attained better by means of well-known examples.

No small meed of praise is due to the illustrations as a whole, and the artist and the engravers are to be congratulated on making such small cuts look so well; the author has wisely chosen common forms to illustrate the genera, &c., where possible. At the same time there are one or two of the illustrations which fall below the generally high standard—for instance, on pp. 304 and 317—and we think they should be im-

proved in subsequent editions. Of course it is not always possible to obtain good specimens of rarer fungi, and drawings of only passable examples are sometimes better than none. In the present work the majority of the drawings seem to us both well chosen and executed.

## CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

## IV.

THE enterprise and skill requisite to compete with the artistic products of modern French publishers are no longer in any danger of being under-estimated on this side of the Channel. It is not so much the power and the will that are lacking—though we could welcome a more generous measure of courage—as the good taste that should animate and direct enterprise. A large proportion of our books for the young are clothed in raiment of preternatural ugliness, tawdry in effect, raw and hot in colour, hideous in design; and even when the literary and illustrative material offer all that is needed in the making of a good book, the publication is too frequently marred by paltry and degrading defects in type, paper, or binding. With respect to gift-books of artistic pretensions it is more generally recognized that an illustrated book should be an object of beauty quite independent of its contents, just as the picture which is one's constant companion should possess a decorative quality apart from the charm of its concrete presentment. A presentation volume that responds to this ideal is Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's *Well-Worn Roads of Spain, Holland, and Italy*, with sixteen large drawings reproduced in phototype, some fifty illustrative sketches, head-pieces, and tail-pieces, with descriptive text by the artist. This handsome quarto, published by Mr. John C. Nimmo, is a notable and very welcome protest against the monopoly in elegant and comely production so long enjoyed by Paris publishers. Books more sumptuous there may easily be, but none in the season's literature with a more seductive air of refinement or a more sensitive propriety of ensemble. It is admirably printed on pure white paper of excellent texture, with finely proportioned pages and fair margins; the binding, of canvas-like linen, and its ornate title-design in white and gold, form a tasteful conjunction, and the title-page, in red and black, is original and, what is better, expressive. The phototypes are among the finest reproductions by this process we have seen, are singularly free, for the most part, from mechanical influence, and are very successful in rendering the brush-work of the artist and the vital quality of his opening impressions. In "The Heerengracht" the "Puerta del Vino," "A Venetian Pottery-shop," the delicate gradations of tone are given with surprising truth of relation. Very good also is the aerial effect of beamless, misty sunshine in "Along the Riva, Venice," "Lighters off the Dogana," and the broadly-handled "Spanish Posada," with its sunny atmosphere, are marvellous reproductions of the artist's technique. The title of Mr. Smith's book is a little unjust to the freshness and piquancy of his sketches and drawings. It is true that all roads in these days lead to Seville and Granada, to Holland and Venice, and may be said to be well-worn, but Mr. Smith produces delightful evidence that an artist of individual vision may find a wealth of neglected material in those familiar hunting-grounds as well as in Bavarian byways. In the literary department the artist does not let description lag tediously behind the vigorous realism of his pictures. He invites us to his studio fire, opens his portfolio, and displays the work of his brush to the accompaniment of a vivacious commentary, full of racy observation and pleasant anecdote. Altogether no reader will regret that in this instance the artist is his own scribe. Books of travel and adventure continue to pour in. Mr. G. A. Henty's *With Wolfe in Canada* (Blackie & Son) is a good story of the kind already popularized by the author, with clever and really "illustrative" pictures by Mr. Gordon Browne. The hero, like most of Mr. Henty's boy-heroes, is an extremely fortunate fellow, who becomes involved in an affair of smuggling on the Devonshire coast, is offered the alternative of serving in the navy or standing his trial, and, though innocent, becomes a seaman; obtaining his discharge, he joins the Virginia militia, fights under General Braddock in the fatal engagement by Fort Duquesne, and enjoys plenty of exciting service as a captain of Royal scouts before he serves under Wolfe at the siege of Quebec. The military episodes and scouting operations are brightly told and the characters carefully drawn, though the villain of Richard Horton, the hero's rival and enemy, is almost beyond belief. *Fussuf the Guide* (Blackie & Son) is by no means one of Mr. George Manville Fenn's happy inspirations. It sets forth the adventures in Asia Minor of an invalid boy and his two guardians, one of whom is a lawyer, who is for ever taking snuff and rousing the mountain echoes by his appalling nose-blowing. The consequences of this habit in a brigand-haunted country, where the horses are restive and the paths beset with perils, are humorously illustrated, but long before the end we are weary of Burne, the lawyer, and his more inoffensive companion Preston, the professor.

Some stirring encounters with pirates and slave-traders and curious experiences among African cannibals make up the staple of adventure in Commander Cameron's *Harry Raymond* (Warne & Co.) No portion of this exciting book is so certain to interest inquiring youth as the sojourn of the hero among the Fans, the description of their fetish-men, and the graphic account of the ordeal by *mboundon*. Here the author's explorations are admirably

\* *British Fungi (Hymenomyces)*. Vol. II. By the Rev. John Stevenson. London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1886.



utilized. Pirates figure bravely in Mr. Arthur Lee Knight's *Ronald Hallday* (Warne & Co.), though they are of the buccaneer type and sail the Spanish Main. They possess a very choice cave on an island, into whose lowest recesses two young English middies fall and become insensible by the deadly air. When they recover, and are extremely hungry, by great good chance they find a key that opens a mahogany cupboard in which are cobwebbed bottles of Madeira, port, sherry, together with fruit, guava jelly, venison pasties (*sic*), and other West Indian produce. With all its improbabilities, the story is amusing. The life of the village boy finds a sympathetic annalist in Mr. R. Stead, whose stories of country youth—*The Lads of Little Clayton* (Blackie & Son)—treat of some of the most mischievous boys imaginable. In these days boys would risk consignment to the reformatory did they perpetrate half the mad and merry pranks of these irrepressible bumpkins. *Every Boy's Annual* (Routledge) contains the full yearly measure of serial stories—Mrs. De Witt's capital "Historical Scenes" and Mr. Ascott Hope's well-written "Youngsters' Yarns." Among the tales and sketches are Mr. Henry Frith's "Hunting of the *Hydra*" and Commander Cameron's "Adventures of Herbert Massey," the last a lively story of adventure in Africa. The illustrations range from the crisp melodrama of Mr. Caton Woodville to the thin product of undiluted fatuity. Among our Annuals for young children we may safely commend *Little Wide-Awake* (Routledge), edited by Mrs. Sale Barker, prettily illustrated, and full of amusing and instructive matter. From Messrs. Dean & Son we receive *The Little One's Own*, with a variety of stories suitable for children, and four hundred gay chromos, some of which are very entertaining. Altogether an attractive picture-book.

The fairy-tale is still, we rejoice to note, an indispensable item in Christmas literature. There are still children and grown-ups warmly disposed towards the beautiful old faith; and, though the fairy folk are said to have fled these islands in the days of King Arthur, there yet lingers in remote parts some belief in the luckier lot of the "fairy beam" and the starry influence of Queen Mab. If, as the poet feigns, the fairies themselves drove Oread and Faun, with their sylvan company, from the woods, they have in their turn suffered retribution in the age of steam and the march of mind. Children happily know nothing of these cruel restrictions of the realm of fairy and the assaults of dull sceptics. A volume of charming stories, worthy of association with Andersen, Wolf, and our old friend Grimm's "Goblins," is *Prince Peerless* (Fisher Unwin), by the Hon. Margaret Collier (Mrs. Galletti di Cadillac), with illustrations by the Hon. John Collier. There is a wealth of fancy and humour, of untiring invention and poetic conception, in these fresh and stimulating stories, and their affluence of resources is controlled by an artistic spirit and shaped by constructive skill of the rarest kind. "Fairy Folk," the first story, is admirably designed to quicken the imagination as a preparation for the marvels that follow. It tells of the pathetic fate of a little girl stolen by fairies, who returns to her home a young woman, only to be rejected by her father and new step-mother, for she is a bewitched changeling, and finds no human comfort save the tears of a poor old woman. Grateful for this compassion, she dies of a broken heart, and is honoured with fairy obsequies. In Mr. Collier's beautiful drawing we see the lovely damsel lying on a flower-wreathed bier, by the side of a lonely lake, with a circle of sympathetic frogs about her. From this pretty story of the homely aspects of fairy influence it is a considerable step to the richer field of fancy and remoter imaginative heights revealed in "The Ill-starred Princess," a conception of lovely delicacy, in "The Great Snow Mountain," "Prince Peerless," and "The Sick Fairy." All these are delightful in their diverse styles. The second is a strangely impressive story, that mingles whimsical fancy with an undercurrent of spiritual mystery that may suggest significant allegory to those who are bent on such revelation. For our part, we are inclined to think the oracle is dumb, and that this fascinating tale is no cloudy apologue, but an admirable specimen of the "doubtful tale from Fairyland, hard for the non-elect to understand." No higher praise could be given to Mr. Collier's illustrations than this—which they freely merit—that they realize the author's conceptions with complete sympathy. In *Davy and the Goblin* (Warne & Co.) Mr. Charles E. Carryl relates "what followed reading *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*," and this specification of the contents is sufficient to prepare us for a book that is an exceedingly long way behind its illustrious prototype. The illustrations are but moderate, and the humour is a good deal outworn and strained. "Venison is deer, isn't it?" asks Davy of Robin Hood. "Not at all, it's the cheapest meat about here," is the answer. "Oh! I don't mean that," replied Davy; "I meant that it comes off a deer." "Wrong again," said Robin Hood triumphantly; "it comes on a deer; I cut it off myself." This is a fair specimen of the humour. When we turn to the verses, though they are neatly turned, our discouragement only increases. *Madame Tabby's Establishment* (Macmillan & Co.) is a little book about cats and a little girl's adventures in the happy kingdom of cats, with very clever pictures by L. Wain, whose delightful work is worthy of this gifted follower of the *Katzen-Raphael*.

*The Roses of Ringwood* (Nisbet), by Mrs. Marshall, is a well-told story of domestic interest and thoroughly wholesome sentiment, distinguished by the sobriety of tone and clear expressive style that usually mark the work of this practised writer. Another conscientious and discreet story, suitable to young girls, is *Ethel Fortescue* (Warne & Co.), by Mrs. Selby Lowndes, with illustra-

tions by Miss Edith Scannell that are decidedly insipid. *The Church in the Valley* (S. P. C. K.), by Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell, is of somewhat remarkable form. It is a story told in a dream, in which the visionary quality is well sustained, and the pictures of the past cleverly presented. *Dr. Maynard's Daughter* (S. P. C. K.) is a story by Laura M. Lane that shows sound observation of character and the power of awakening interest in a sober, unexciting narrative. It enjoys the advantage of some able illustrations by Mr. W. H. Overend. Full of warning and precept, couched in very strong language, is Dr. De Witt Talmage's *Marriage and Home Life* (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier). *Daniel Eynsette* (Bevington) is an English version, by Helen Stott, of M. Daudet's *Le Petit Chose*, in which the novelist reveals the little trials and joys of his early life. The conversion of exasperating and perverse children into admirable members of society is a favourite theme with writers for the young, and is capably treated in *A Tale of Oughts and Crosses*, by Darley Dale (Nisbet). Children of another kind, well bred, exemplary, and "nice," are the main attraction in *Linford Green*, by Mrs. Selby Lowndes (Warne & Co.). From Messrs. Dean & Son we receive four examples of "Our Junior's Library," and a pretty picture-book for children entitled *Sunshine and Stream*, written and illustrated by N. C. Bishop-Culpepper. The nature of "The Gordon Library," a series of short shilling stories issued by Messrs. Warne & Co., is fully revealed by the title. Six of these tales of adventure and heroism are before us, all of which are well illustrated and prettily bound. Judging from *The Outpost*, by R. André, which we find both interesting and well told, we may commend the rest on the principle *ex uno disce alios*. The two volumes of *St. Nicholas* (New York: Century Co.) that form the annual issue of this popular magazine are fully up to the high average of former years. From Messrs. Warne & Co. we have received new editions of *The Distant Hills* and *The Shadow of the Cross*, by the Rev. William Adams; *Granny's Boy*, by Thomas Keyworth, and *Nancy's Nephew*, by Beatrice Marshall. *The Story of Old Whiddy* (Edinburgh: Oliphant) is the story of a cat sufficiently remarkable to deserve the modest chronicle it receives. Mrs. Dambrell-Davies writes very pleasantly of wild flowers and birds in *Dicky Daffodil* (Manchester: Heywood).

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE various names of English noble families have been a stumbling-block to many writers, both native and foreign; but in this respect foreign—at least French—titles outstrip ours a long way. Not a few persons, even among those who are pretty well acquainted with French history, will probably fail to recognize in the François de Scépeaux whom Mme. Coignet has chosen as her "gentilhomme des temps passés" (1) the Maréchal de Vieilleville, whose memoirs, written by his secretary, Vincent Carloix, are themselves familiar to everybody who knows anything about the French sixteenth century. The house of Scépeaux, a noble and distinguished one, has not made itself anything of that distinct and separate repute which belongs to some others not really more noble and distinguished; and the title of its most distinguished member has made it as puzzling to the general, it may be, as, according to the most distinguished member of another and later family of French worthies, "Riquetti" was to a Europe familiar with "Mirabeau." Yet the good Marshal deserved a historian more modern than himself, or rather than his secretary; and Mme. Coignet's book is not unworthy of him. She tells us in a note that people have found fault with her quoting Brantôme too much. We only wish that we never had to find worse faults with historians.

We have long given up attempting to criticize minutely the successive volumes of mixed political and general essays which M. Alphonse Karr publishes from time to time (2). His qualities are what they always were, and, if the defects of his qualities (an excellent phrase much reprobated by some excellent persons, who will doubtless live to know better) are evident in any increasing measure, why, let any one who has lived as long as M. Karr and done as good work find fault with them. For ourselves, we are content to welcome the eloquence of an old man eloquent.

The account of some of his Italian experiences by that ardent Ultramontane, M. Henri des Houx (3), follows his *Souvenirs de Rome* rather as a companion than as a sequel. The author takes occasion to affirm his loyalty and affection for the present Pope, and mingles in an agreeable enough manner sketches of manners and scenery with political and ecclesiastical studies. Throughout one may recognize qualities which are not too common nowadays; such as a staunch fidelity to principle, and a fresh and docile, not an affected, appreciation of nature. It will be a pity if M. des Houx does not some of these days do something really good.

The general tone of M. Lucien Biart's works, which are not quite science and not quite fiction, is sufficiently well known. His *Quand j'étais petit* (4) is a supposed autobiography, long after date, of the sensations and experiences of a small child. In a certain fashion and degree Frenchmen do this sort of thing better than we do; it may be left to the offensive arrogance of our

(1) *Un gentilhomme des temps passés*. Par Mme. Coignet. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Roses et chardons*. Par Alphonse Karr. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(3) *Ma prison*. Par Henri des Houx. Paris: Ollendorff.

(4) *Quand j'étais petit*. Par Lucien Biart. Paris: Plon.

nation to suggest that it is because a Frenchman, like a Greek, is always more or less of a child.

Those who have read and admired M. Charles Grandmougin's previous work may be a little disappointed with the subject and style of his *Rimes de combat* (5). Polemic and poetry are perhaps things better kept apart; and M. Grandmougin, who has a rather unusual wealth of vocabulary at his command, has here confined himself to a plain and almost prosaic diction. Nevertheless hard hitting on the right side is never an unpleasant sight; and certainly no one could have hit on a more suitable title for M. Zola than "le Barnum de nos fanges."

M. Barrère's two books now before us (6, 7) are very elementary, and intended to be so. If (which we think ourselves is much the best way) the teaching of modern languages is begun almost simultaneously with the earliest education in other things, they come nearer than any modern books that we have recently seen to the good, but rather unscientific and unmethodical, school-books of forty or fifty years ago.

Count Afanasi's novel is a Russian novel (8), which, at the present time of day, is not saying any more about it than saying that it was a "Scotch novel" would have been fifty or sixty years ago. It is, however, a Russian novel with a difference, containing indeed Nihilists, princes, adventuresses, and so forth, but animated by a rather special purpose—that of enforcing the motto *noblesse oblige*. It was for lack of such enforcement that the French nobility fell a century ago; perhaps others may yet take warning. M. Dobritz's Scandinavian tales (9) are well intended, but told with a certain rather irritating instructiveness. *Le secret de la falaise* (10) is not unworthy the attention of those who like secrets; and M. Mario Uchard, an experienced workman, if not a past-master in novel-writing, has not done discredit to himself in *Jocunde Berthier* (11).

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

**B**ETWEEN great wars and little the only difference is the measure of historical importance; in all that constitutes the romance of war the magnitude of the issues at stake is a very slight influence. This truth is forcibly illustrated by Mr. C. W. Doubleday's *Reminiscences of the "Filibuster" War in Nicaragua* (Putnam's Sons). When the author of this picturesque narrative landed at San Juan del Sur in 1854 and found the country involved in civil war, with the impetuosity of youth he embraced the cause of the Democratic party of Castellon, the president-elect, against Chamorra and the "Clericals." It was the sacred cause of liberty, he tells us, that attracted the young American citizen, though it is clear that the spirit of adventure was an active agent in his enterprise. The inevitable disillusion was wrought by the discovery of the true aims of the leaders in the sacred cause, among whom the notorious William Walker was the most active and the most distinguished. Prior to the appearance on the scene of this remarkable person, Mr. Doubleday and his band of volunteer sharpshooters had enjoyed some brisk experience of hand-to-hand fighting in the streets of Granada, of which he gives an extremely vivacious account. His sketch of Walker's career loses nothing in power and gains in ingenuousness from the fact, humorously reflected in these pages, that it is animated by an honourable feeling of loyalty towards his old comrade and an equally honourable determination to be an unflattering chronicler. He repudiates with much warmth the application of the term "filibuster" to Walker, though he confesses it was Walker's insatiable ambition and "disregard of public or private rights" that compelled the author's return to the United States. It is a curious proof of Walker's influence that, despite this rupture, Mr. Doubleday should subsequently have taken part in an unsuccessful expedition on the river San Juan for the relief of the new President, then hemmed in at Rivas. His own testimony conclusively shows that Mr. Doubleday is needlessly sensitive about terms. It does not much matter whether we speak of Walker as a military adventurer, buccaneer, filibuster, loco-foco, or Napoleon be-littled by malignant destiny, it is broadly apparent that he was a selfish and ambitious schemer, one of those fellows who would "set any place on fire to roast his own eggs." That Mr. Doubleday should lament his ignoble end is natural enough, and not the less creditable therefor. Of the literary quality of his book we may speak with sincerest commendation. Walker's audacious campaigns are set forth in a series of brilliant pictures; the sketches of the author's strange and motley companions are admirable for distinction, incisiveness, and humour; the scenic presentment is such as only uncommon skill in narration could evolve. The vivid actuality of the book is the source of its enthralling charm. There is one little matter we are glad to see corrected by the author. It was reported by Walker that Mr.

Doubleday had trampled on the British flag at Chinendega when requisitioning for ammunition, and that he did so by his orders. The author gives a different account of this incident, and says he showed a "proper respect for the emblem of a great nation," in accordance with his English birth and American citizenship.

*A Comtist Lover: and other Studies* (Fisher Unwin), by Elizabeth Rachel Chapman, has for its initial subject a dialogue between two betrothed lovers on Positivism and the Zeitgeist, the scene being a South Kensington flat. Augustine, an earnest and stiff-necked young Positivist, rashly attempts to convert his Aimée to the Religion of Humanity. "Tell me," he beseeches her, "why it is that you can recognize—nay, enthusiastically admire—all that makes Positivism admirable, and yet behave as though you would cast me off for having embraced it?" And, to do her justice, Aimée does not spare him. With a truly feminine refinement of cruelty, she begins by admitting the close affinity between the spirit of Positivism and the Zeitgeist, this last being only her imposing designation of a narrow phase of transient opinion. The unfortunate Augustine, lured by this false hope, has then to listen to her objections to Positivism as a system because it is a system; he suffers her fierce denunciations of it for its attitude towards "the problem of the Nineteenth Century—Woman"; and, lastly, he is overwhelmed by her indignant rejection of the doctrine of subjective immortality, in which she finds "something that shocks my moral sense, something which pains and angers me as a human being . . . something which has made me feel that . . . to-day . . . I ought . . . to bid you good-bye, Austin." And thus, it seems, these lovers separate. She shows excellent cause why she should not be a Positivist, and he contends with her, not as the lover he is represented to be, but as the automatic mouthpiece of the author. The speakers, in fact, are puppets, and the dialogue is as undramatic a specimen of a much-abused literary form as any we can recall. The best of the remaining "studies" is entitled "Some Immortality Thoughts," a brief paper on the philosophy of hope and its reasonableness.

*The Story of the Caraffa* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) is a translation of an Italian MS. of the seventeenth century by Canon Jenkins, formerly in the possession of Signor Nollì, Syndic of Naples, at the sale of whose library it passed into the hands of a Roman bookseller, from whom the translator procured it. It is unfortunate that neither Signor Rocca, the bookseller, nor Canon Jenkins is able to throw any light on the authorship or previous history of this early account of the crimes and intrigues that occasioned the extinction of the Caraffa family. The document agrees, in its substantial facts, with the fruits of M. Duruy's researches as set forth in *Le Cardinal Carlo Carafa*. The translator has prefixed a well-written historical notice and genealogical table.

*Lyrical and other Poems* (Longmans & Co.), a selection from the poetry of Miss Ingelow, is in all respects an attractive little book; the binding novel and pretty, print and paper excellent, and the contents really representative of the poetical work of a deservedly popular writer.

It is scarcely possible to read ten consecutive pages of *The Lazy Minstrel* (Fisher Unwin) without suffering the irritation of some slangy phrase that disenchant the reader, even when truly sympathetic with the poet's one method and mood. At his best, as in the charming "Canoe Canzonet" and not a few other delightful trifles, Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry is a facile and agreeable versifier, with a genuine gift of expression, a light and dexterous touch, and a grace that is really individual. His book must be dipped into in butterfly fashion; a more prolonged course produces a surfeit like the indigestion that follows over-indulgence in pop-corn and sugarplums.

Of three other volumes of minor verse Mr. Henry W. Clark's *Behind the Veil; and other Poems* (Hatchards), shows some little promise, though the longest poem, "The Search for Truth," is but a feeble Tennysonian echo. *Fantasies* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) is the misleading title of some extremely rapid verses by Mrs. Moss Cockle. *A Verse, a Breeze*, by Dante Lyle (Edinburgh: Grant), contains nothing that rises above the outworn commonplaces of rhymesters, if we except the singular use of the word "heraldry" in the sonnet (p. 77):—

And oh! what burst of heraldry arose  
From grove and wood and vale into the air.

"The boast of heraldry" is a familiar poetic phrase; but that the voices of nature at sunrise form a "burst of heraldry" is something new. They should at least herald the sun's birth, and not, as in the sonnet, wait till he appears. The title of this book suggests an ugly perversion of Coleridge's "Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying," and is in itself an outrage.

*Shadows* (G. Bell & Sons) is the title of a volume of anonymous sketches, transcendental in tone and decidedly sentimental in character. The majority are too vague and slight to criticize, though a few that show unmistakable German influence, such as the pretty apologue "Love's Devotion" and "Death-in-Life," are not wanting in imagination.

Under the title *Rescue the Children* (Isbister), Mr. William Mitchell has collected his interesting notes of twelve years' experience of rescue work in Glasgow. The chapters on neglected children and on the value of industrial schools will be found very suggestive and of practical service to those engaged in recruiting for Board Schools among the very poorest quarters of our great cities. The book is illustrated by some capital woodcuts, reduced apparently from photographs.

(5) *Rimes de combat*. Par Charles Grandmougin. Paris: Lemerre.

(6) *Elements of French Grammar*. By A. Barrère. London: Whitaker, G. Bell & Sons.

(7) *Junior Graduated French Course*. By A. Barrère. London: Whitaker, G. Bell & Sons.

(8) *Le roman d'un Grand Duc*. Par le Comte Afanasi. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(9) *Contes et légendes scandinaves*. Par F. Dobritz. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(10) *Le secret de la falaise*. Par Georges de Montar. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(11) *Jocunde Berthier*. Par Mario Uchard. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.



From Messrs. William Collins & Co. we have received a series of diaries for 1887, printed on "sight-preserving" paper of a pale sea-green tint, which is certainly soothing to the eyes when used under a good light. The smaller forms, respectively known as the "Pocket," the "Handy," and the "Portable" Diaries, are neatly bound, and vary in price from six to eighteen pence, according to binding. The "Commercial" and "Scribbling" Diaries are equally good, and may be had with or without interleaved blotting-paper.

The *Lawyer's Companion and Diary* for 1887, edited by Mr. J. Trustram (Stevens & Sons), is a compilation of well-proved service and accuracy.

We have received the second edition of Lanfrey's *History of Napoleon I.*, in four volumes (Macmillan & Co.); the second edition of *Stanford's Handy Atlas and Poll Book* (Stanford); a new edition of *Gulliver's Travels* (J. & R. Maxwell); *Mr. Jacobs: and other Fancies*, by Cuthbert Edwards (Bevington); *Unlocked Hearts*, by M. Byron (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); and *Her Price*, by Tom Cooke (J. & R. Maxwell).

The statement in our notice of Sir E. C. BAYLEY's "Guzerat" (SATURDAY REVIEW, 30th October) that it was "edited" by Colonel YULE was due to misapprehension. The slight biographical sketch of Sir E. BAYLEY prefixed was Colonel YULE's only part in the work.

## NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

## NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained in Paris every Saturday of Mr. J. G. FOTHERINGHAM, 8 Rue Neuve des Capucines, and of Messrs. GALIGNANI, 224 Rue de Rivoli.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,620, NOVEMBER 13, 1886:

Bulgaria at Guildhall and Hawarden.  
The Triumph of the S. D. F. American Elections.  
Mr. Lowell put to the Question. Egypt. A French Tory Party.  
Spain. The National Gallery.  
Judicial Humourists. Frederick Archer.  
A Lesson to Directors. Bacon, V.C. Mr. Gladstone on Reunion.  
Fishery Disputes. Lord Salisbury on Home Politics.

Spookical Research.

Political Philopseudes. French Opera in London.

The Ethical Aspect of Materialism.

"St. Ludimilla." The Recovery in the Indian Exchanges.

Art Exhibitions. Richter Concerts.

An Appeal and a Reply.

Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle.

Six Stories. Publications of the Oxford Historical Society.

Three Novels. The Annals of Manchester.

A Popular Novelist. Germany. The Odyssey of Homer.

New Prints. Studies in Ancient History.

New German Readers. A Short Manual of Chemistry.

Letters and Papers, 1535. British Fungi.

Christmas Books. French Literature.

New Books and Reprints.

## CONTENTS OF No. 1,619, NOVEMBER 6, 1886:

Russia and Bulgaria—Welsh Home Rule—Humouring the Rough—Lord Brasbourne and Mr. Gladstone—The City Police—The New Moroccan—Ships and Torpedoes—Scotch Schools—The Ninth, and After—The New York Mayoralty—The Leeds Conference—The Aged Poor—The Diamond Robbery.

The Woes of Wales—The Teaching of English Literature—South Italian Witches—M. Vigeant on Hamlet's "Duel"—Newmarket Houghton Meeting—Hereditary Feuds—The Theatres—Picture Galleries—Gardens for the People—The Crystal Palace Concerts—The Beggar's Opera—The Reported Gold Discoveries—Richter Concerts—The Albert Palace—An International Chorus.

The Architectural History of the University of Cambridge—Gyula—Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln—Four Novels—The Art of the Saracens in Egypt—London Topography—Ethics and Psychology—The Making of Pictures—Samuel Phelps—The Commune of 1871—Books on Art—The Book Lover—Christmas Books—French Literature—New Books and Reprints.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## JUBILEE YEAR.

## HOME MISSIONS of the CHURCH of ENGLAND.

SOCIETY for PROMOTING the EMPLOYMENT of ADDITIONAL CURATES.

ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR OF HER MAJESTY'S ACCESSION.

OFFICE: ARUNDEL HOUSE, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON, W.C.  
(Opposite the Temple Railway Station.)

Patron—HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

"It would be totally impossible for the present work of the Church of England to be carried on with half its efficiency if it were not for the help of this Society in our most important places."—ARCHBISHOP OF CANTEBURY.

AT EASTER, 1887, THE ADDITIONAL CURATES' SOCIETY WILL HAVE COMPLETED THE FIFTIETH YEAR of its WORK as THE HOME MISSION SOCIETY of the CHURCH of ENGLAND.

Since the establishment of the Society in 1837, it has made 20,601 grants to poor parishes, the total sum thus expended being £1,037,405. In or on behalf of the parishes aided by these grants a further sum of £1,064,152 has been raised to meet the Society's grants and complete the provision for the Additional Clergy employed under them. Thus through the agency of the Society no less than £2,101,557 has been spent by Churchmen on Home Mission Work.

This year, by an expenditure of £49,730 from its General Fund, to meet which a sum of £31,787 is locally raised in the aided parishes, the Society is enabling 752 Additional Clergy to work in 674 parishes among a population of about 6,000,000.

But though the Society's income has increased, the increase has not been in proportion to the growing needs of the country, and, while the Committee have been enabled during the last three years by the steady progress of the General Fund to make no less than 157 new grants, they still have to deplore their inability to extend similar help to poor and populous parishes such as the following:—

No. 1.—Pop. 8,000....No Curate.	No. 8.—Pop. 8,500....No Curate.
No. 3. " 10,000....One Curate.	No. 12. " 11,000....One Curate.
No. 4. " 9,500....No Curate.	No. 13. " 7,500....No Curate.
No. 5. " 14,000....One Curate.	No. 19. " 6,750....No Curate.

A VERY LARGE NUMBER of APPLICATIONS REMAIN on their LIST of "UNAIDED CASES" FROM PARISHES in which FOR LACK of CLERGY TO TAKE THE LEAD in ORGANIZATION THE WORK of the CHURCH is WELL-NIGH at a STANDSTILL.

The Committee desire to urge upon English Churchmen the claims of this Home Mission Work, which as the work of the Church, as the Work of Christ, is the most powerful of all agencies for raising our people to a higher level, spiritual, moral, and social, for promoting the glory of God and the welfare of our Church and nation.

They earnestly hope that in this the SOCIETY'S JUBILEE YEAR its regular supporters will make some special effort to increase their contributions, and those who have not helped the work hitherto will now take their part in so extending it that it shall leave no portion of the need unsupplied.

Contributions will be most thankfully received at the Society's Office. Cheques, Post-office and Postal Orders should be crossed "Messrs. COURTIS."

JOHN GEORGE DEED, Secretary.

Additional Curates' Society's Office,

Arun del House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.

## HEDGES &amp; BUTLER, WINE MERCHANTS.

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1667.

Offices and Cellars: 155 REGENT STREET, LONDON; 30 KING'S ROAD, BRIGHTON; JEREZ-DE-LA-FRONTIERA, SPAIN.

SHERRIES.—VINO DE PASTO, 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s.—OLOROSO, 26s., 42s., 48s., 54s., 60s., 72s., 84s., 90s.—AMOROSO, 36s., 42s., 48s., 54s., 60s., 72s., 84s., 90s.—AMONTILLADO, 42s., 48s., 54s., 60s., 72s.

PORTS.—FROM WOOD, 24s., 30s.—TAWNY PORT, 26s., 42s., 48s., 60s.—DRY PORT, 42s., 48s., 54s., 60s., 72s., 84s., 90s.—CURIOUS OLD WHITE PORT, 60s., 72s., 84s., 90s.

CLARETS.—VIN ORDINAIRE, 14s., 18s., 20s.—ST. JULIEN and ST. ESTÈPHE, 24s., 30s., 36s.—LAROSE, 42s., 48s.—LÉOVILLE, 54s., 60s., 72s.—CHATEAU LAFITE, MARGAUX, LÉOVILLE, LATOUR, 72s., 84s., 90s. to 200s.

CHAMPAGNES.—CHAMPAGNE, 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s.—OLD LANDED, 1880, Meunette et Fils, 84s. (This Brand is supplied to Her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.) 1874 VINTAGE CHAMPAGNE, 96s. to 300s.

HOOKS.—ERBACH, 20s., 24s.—NIERSTEIN, 30s., 36s.—HOCHHEIM, 42s., 48s., 60s.—LIEBFRAUMILCH, 72s., 84s., 90s.—JOHANNESBERG and STEINBERG, 84s., 90s., to 240s.

SPIRITS.—SCOTCH and IRISH WHISKY, 42s., 48s., 54s.—BRANDY, 44s., 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.—OLD LIQUEUR BRANDY, 84s., 120s.

Full Price Lists of all Wine and Spirits on application.

HEDGES & BUTLER, Wine Merchants and Shippers,

By appointment to Her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Her Majesty the Queen of Spain. Established A.D. 1667.

**LYCEUM.—FAUST.** Every Night at Eight. Mephistopheles, Mr. HENRY IRVING; Margaret, Miss ELLEN TERRY. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 till 6. Seats booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

**"THE VALE OF TEARS," DORÉ'S LAST GREAT PICTURE.** completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street, with "Christ Leaving the Praetorium," and his other great Pictures. From Ten to Six daily. 1s.

**THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of HIGH-CLASS ENGLISH and CONTINENTAL PICTURES,** including J. L. E. MEISSONIER'S New Picture, "Le Voyageur," is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH & SONS' GALLERIES, 5 and 6 Haymarket.—Admission, One Shilling, including Catalogue.

**STATISTICAL SOCIETY.**—The FIRST ORDINARY MEETING of the present Session will be held on Tuesday, the 10th inst., at the Royal School of Mines, Jermyn Street, S.W., London, when a Paper will be read—ON THE COST AND THE CONDITIONS OF WORKING RAILWAY TRAFFIC IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES. By J. S. JEANS, Esq. The Chair will be taken at 7.45 P.M.

**SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of HYDROPHOBIA and REFORM of the DOG LAWS.** 20 LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. All persons interested in the objects of this Society are invited to apply to the HONORARY SECRETARY for Franchise and all information.

**ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.—CITY and GUILDS of LONDON INSTITUTE.**—The COURSES of TECHNICAL INSTRUCTION at the Central Institution, Exhibition Road, S.W., are open to persons desirous of studying any branch of ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING. The instruction under the general direction of Professor AYRTON, F.R.S., comprises Lectures and Practice in the Laboratories and Dynamo Room. For particulars apply at Exhibition Road, S.W., or at Gresham College, London, E.C.

PHILIP MAGNUS, Director and Secretary.

**DYNAMO ELECTRIC MACHINERY.**—A special COURSE of PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS in the TESTING of the POWER and EFFICIENCY of DYNAMOS and MOTORS will be given by Professor AYRTON, F.R.S., at the CENTRAL INSTITUTION of the CITY and GUILDS of LONDON INSTITUTE, commencing on Friday, February 4, at 5 P.M. For particulars, apply at Exhibition Road, S.W., or at Gresham College, London, E.C.

PHILIP MAGNUS, Director and Secretary.

**PREPARATORY SCHOOL for BOYS,** near London. Healthy locality, good grounds.—A LADY, assisted by University Graduates and English and Foreign Governesses, prepares BOYS for the Public Schools, Naval Cadetship, &c. For further particulars apply to Miss GRIFFITH, Elm Tree Lodge, East Finchley, Middlesex.

**SOUTH KENSINGTON.**—1 Trebovir Road, S.W. ADVANCED CLASSES for GIRLS and ELEMENTARY CLASSES for YOUNG CHILDREN, under the direction of Mrs. W. R. COLE. A separate house adjoining for Resident Pupils. The HALF-TERM COMMENCED on November 5.

**THE CATHERINE-STREET PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, Limited,** Newspaper Proprietors, Printers, Publishers, and Advertisement Contractors.

HEAD OFFICE—13 and 14 Catherine Street, Strand.

CITY OFFICES—45 Leadenhall Street, E.C.

This Association is the only firm possessing facilities for the complete production of journalistic undertakings. Conducting its business upon entirely new principles, and under the direction of a Board of experienced Newspaper Proprietors and Journalists, it has, during the past few years, been instrumental in transforming several papers, which had previously been carried on at a loss, into lucrative properties; and the Directors are now prepared to place the printing, publishing, and advertising facilities of the Association at the disposal of newspaper proprietors generally, who at present are dependent upon a variety of agencies—none of them under a central and experienced control—and are compelled to keep up expensive offices and staffs for the purposes of their papers, without securing the advantages which only an extensive connection with the wholesale newspapers, advertisement contractors, and others can command.

Possessing large premises in the centre of the publishing world, the Association affords its clients editorial and all other necessary accommodation, whilst it at once relieves them of the necessity for any personal attention to the innumerable details involved in the technical management of their undertakings, and places its large organization at their service.

A list of newspapers already under the Association's management and all other information may be obtained on application.

**COALS.—PHILLIPS & CO'S direct supply.** The largest country truck trade in the kingdom. Every kind of COAL sent to every station in England and Wales in truck or less than four tons, except London and Middlesex. Quotations either free at station or including delivery into consumer's cellar. PHILLIPS & CO., Coal Factors, for 33 years at 35 Coal Exchange, London, E.C.

**ROSES, Fresh Cut, 3s., Carnations, 2s. the dozen; Violets, Mignonette, Hyacinths, Yellow Marguerites, &c. &c., or Mixed Flowers, 2s. the box, are sent, carriage free, for Cheque, P.O.O., or English stamps.—ALFRED NEIL, Florist, at Beaulieu-sur-Mer, near Nice, France.**

**THE ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.** On the Sea-shore. Air pure and bracing. Climate mild and equable during the autumn and winter months. Visitors received "en pension" from Three Guineas per week inclusive. Address, MANAGER, Ilfracombe, Devon.

**FURNISH on NORMAN & STACEY'S SYSTEM.**—This simple and Economical System is admitted to be the most satisfactory method. 1, 2, or 3 years' Credit. 60 wholesale firms. No deposit. Particulars on application. Offices: 79 Queen Victoria St., E.C. Branches at 131 Pall Mall, S.W., & 9 Liverpool St., E.C.

#### HOPE FOR THE DEAF.

**NICHOLSON'S PATENTED ARTIFICIAL EAR DRUMS** Cure DEAFNESS in all stages. The most astonishing cases have been cured. Patented and sold in all civilized countries of the world. Send Three Stamps for 100-page book containing a valuable Essay on Deafness. Illustrations of the Drums, Copies of Patents, Letters from Doctors, Lawyers, Editors, and other men of prominence who have been cured by these celebrated Drums, and who take pleasure in recommending them. A very interesting book. Name this paper. Address

J. H. NICHOLSON,

15 CAMDEN PARK ROAD, LONDON, N.W., ENGLAND.

#### MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY.

Queen's Quality, for Household Use, and for the Weak and Aged. Sportsman's Quality, for Outdoor Use and for Travellers. Beware of spurious imitations.

#### GRANT'S

#### TONIC

#### GRANT'S ORANGE COGNAC.

A fascinating Liqueur of high quality, made with choice Brandy. A fine appetizer; pleasant with aerated waters.

#### LIQUEURS.

#### GRANT'S GINGER COGNAC.

A Stomachic of extra superior quality, made of the finest old Cognac.

Silver Medal,  
Health Exhibition.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Hotels, &c.  
Manufacturers: T. GRANT & SONS, Maidstone.

#### SCHOLASTIC and COLLEGIATE Advertisements inserted

in Times, Standard, Morning Post, Guardian, Army and Navy Gazette, Spectator, or any other paper (at Publishers' lowest rates). A single copy required for any number of papers.—HART'S (SCHOLASTIC AND GENERAL) ADVERTISING AGENCY, 23 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C. Estimates gratis.

#### LIFE ASSURANCES, &c.

#### NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

ESTABLISHED 1835.

#### FOR MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.

CLAIMS PAID, £5,500,000. PROFITS DECLARED, £3,400,000. FUNDS, £4,180,000. Immediate Payment of Claims.

Profits for five years to 1882, £314,670. Next Division 1887, in which all insuring previously will participate.

48 GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON.

#### LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

FLEET STREET, LONDON. Instituted 1822.

Assets on December 31, 1885.....	£5,318,223
Income for the year 1885.....	438,476
Amount paid in Claims to December 31, 1885.....	14,536,563
Reversionary Bonus allotted for the five years ending December 31, 1884.....	600,946
Reversionary Bonuses hitherto allotted.....	6,880,537

The Expenses of Management, including Commission, are about 4 per cent. of the Income. The Limits of Free Travel and Residence have been largely extended, and Rates of Extra Premium reduced. Loans granted on security of Policies, Life Interests, Reversions, and Borough and County Rates, as well as on other approved Securities. Life Interests and Reversions are purchased. Claims paid immediately on proof of death and Title. Commission allowed to Solicitors and others on Assurances effected through their introduction. Prospectus and Form of Proposal sent on application to the ACTUARY.

#### EQUITABLE ASSURANCE OFFICE,

MANSON HOUSE STREET, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED IN 1762.

#### PARLIAMENTARY RETURNS.

The Returns of the Board of Trade, made under the "Life Assurance Companies' Act, 1870," and going back for sixteen years, show that the EQUITABLE received in Premiums during that period £2,369,065 and returned in Cash to its Members, in the shape of additions to Claims, and Bonuses surrendered for Cash, no less than £2,613,073, BEING MORE THAN 110 PER CENT. ON SUCH PREMIUMS.

J. W. STEPHENSON, Actuary.

#### NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1836.

LONDON.—1 MOORGATE STREET, E.C. ABERDEEN.—1 UNION TERRACE.

INCOME & FUNDS (1885).

Fire Premiums.....	£57,700
Life Premiums.....	101,000
Interest.....	139,000
Accumulated Funds.....	£3,134,000

**ACCIDENTS of DAILY LIFE** insured against by the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY (established 1840), 61 Cornhill, London. Capital, £1,000,000; Income, £246,000. Compensation Paid for 112,000 Accidents, £3,215,000. Chairman, HARVEY M. FARQUHAR, Esq.—Apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, the Local Agents, or West-end Office, 8 Grand Hotel Buildings, W.C., or at the Head Office, 61 Cornhill, London, E.C.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

#### THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1825.

Invested Funds, Six and a Half Millions sterling. Annual Revenue, £300,000. At the division of Surplus, declared on May 11, 1886, Reversionary Bonus Additions to the amount of £300,000 were added to Policies.

Moderate rates of Premiums. Liberal Conditions, Tables of Rates, and all other information on application.

London: 83 King William Street, E.C., and 3 Pall Mall East, S.W.

#### PHENIX FIRE OFFICE.

ESTABLISHED 1782.

LOMBARD STREET and CHANCERY CROSS, LONDON.—Established 1782. Insurances against Loss by Fire and Lightning effected in all parts of the World. Losses arranged with promptitude and liberality.

WILLIAM C. MACDONALD, Joint Secretaries.

FRANCIS B. MACDONALD, Joint Secretaries.

#### IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1803.

1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C.; and 22 PALL MALL, S.W. Subscribed Capital, £1,500,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,550,000.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

ESTABLISHED 1831.

#### BIRKBECK BANK, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

THREE per CENT. INTEREST on DEPOSITS repayable on demand. TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS where not drawn below £100. The Bank undertakes, free of charge, the Custody of Securities and Valuable; the Collection of Bills of Exchange, Dividends, and Coupons; and the purchase and sale of Stocks, Shares, and Annuities. Letters of Credit and Circular Notes issued. THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free on application.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

#### THE BANK of SOUTH AUSTRALIA, Limited.

HEAD OFFICE—31 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, £500,000; RESERVE FUND, £300,000.

Reserve Liability of Shareholders, £500,000.

Drafts and Letters of Credit issued.

Bills Bought and Collected.

Telegraphic Transfers made.

Deposits received for fixed periods at rates which may be ascertained on application.

W. G. CUTHBERTSON, General Manager.

#### PENINSULAR and ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.

UNDER CONTRACT FOR HER MAJESTY'S MAILS TO INDIA.

CHINA, AUSTRALIA, &c.

SPECIAL RETURN TICKETS.

Departures for—

CALCUTTA, MADRAS, and CEYLON, CHINA, Straits, and JAPAN.....

SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, and ADELAIDE.....

BOMBAY, EGYPT, ADEN, GIBRALTAR, and MALTA.....

Fortnightly From Tilbury, Thursdays, 12.30 P.M. From Brindisi, Mondays. From Tilbury, Fridays, 12.30 P.M. From Brindisi, Mondays. Weekly. Thursdays.

OFFICES: 122 LEADENHALL STREET, E.C., and 25 COCKSPUR STREET, LONDON, S.W.; 25 BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS (for passage only), and 37 and 39 RUE D'HAUTEVILLE, PARIS; 7 RUE NOAILLES, MARSEILLES.

#### ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL.

Preserves, strengthens, and beautifies the hair. It contains no lead or poisonous ingredients, and can also be had in a

#### GOLDEN COLOR,

for fair and golden-haired people and children. Sold everywhere.

#### JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS' PIANOS. Patented

Inventions from 1868 to 1884, including the patent tuning apparatus, possessing the power to sustain any other Piano. JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS, Pianoforte Manufacturers, 18, 20, and 22 Wigmore Street, London, W. Lists free.